

# CURRENT OPINION



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"THE TIGER OF FRANCE" STANDS BAREHEADED BEFORE THE GRAVE OF "GREAT HEART"  
AT OYSTER BAY

The distinguished visitor, in placing a wreath on Roosevelt's tomb, obtained a fountain pen from a police escort and wrote: "In the memory of the great Theodore Roosevelt. G. Clemenceau."



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OUR MINISTER TO SWITZERLAND AND AMBASSADOR TO ITALY HAVE HAD THEIR EYES TESTED AS "CHIEF OBSERVERS" AT THE  
LAUSANNE CONFERENCE  
The "observations" of Joseph C. Grew (left) and Richard Washburn Child (right) will determine the attitude of the United States Government toward  
pressing problems in the Near East.

## THE FASCISTI CHIEFTAIN AND HIS CABINET

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PREMIER BENITO MUSSOLINI, IN THE ROLE OF ITALIAN DICTATOR, AND HIS CABINET IN SESSION AT ROME  
The Fascisti leader (central figure seated at the head of the table) proclaims himself a revolutionist whose foreign policy is: "We give nothing if we receive nothing in return."



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THE SOVIET DICTATOR OF RUSSIA RESUMES THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE SOVNARKOM AT MOSCOW  
 Premier Lenin is shown at the head of the council table. Standing on his left in dark clothing is Kamenev. Near the foot of the table, on the right, is Trotsky, easily identified by his beard and flowing hair. Second on Trotsky's right is Krassin. Other members of the council in the photograph include Rykov, Sokolnikov, Dvorkin, Schmidt, Krylenko, Semashko, Pokrovsky, Ganetsky, Krassinsky, Lebedev, Sklansky and Lunatscharsky.





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WOODROW WILSON, ON ARMISTICE DAY, HAD 5,000 CALLERS IN WASHINGTON

At the door of his residence he told them that enemies of the League of Nations have misrepresented the United States "because the United States is moving forward and they are slipping backward."

is Trotsky, easily identified by his beard and flowing hair. Second on Trotsky's right is Krasin. Other members of the council in the photograph include Rykov, Sokolnikov, Dowgalevsky, Schmidt, Krylenko, Semashko, Pokrovsky, Ganetsky, Leshavah, Shlansky and Lunatscharsky.



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**HER STINNES (BEARDED) PROPOSES TO RESTORE DEVASTATED FRANCE—FOR A CONSIDERATION**  
 Germany's richest man is discussing the situation with the French commissioner, Marquis de Lubersac, in Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin.



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**"WHAT WE OWE, WE WILL PAY," DECLARES THIS ENVOY OF BRITAIN TO AMERICA**  
 Sir Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, is sent to America to conduct the war debt funding negotiations.

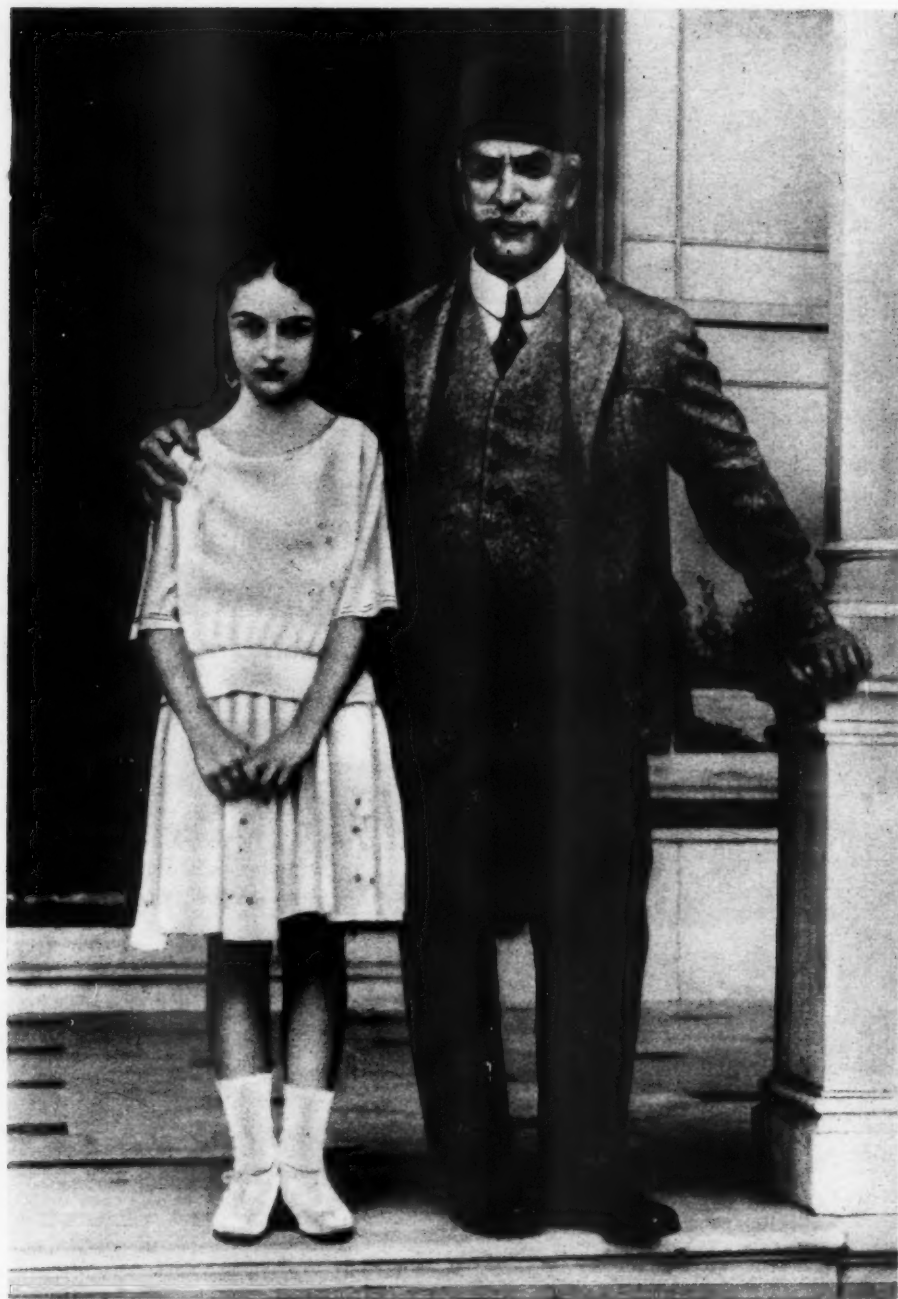


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LADY ASTOR, RE-ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT, HAS A LARGE CONSTITUENCY IN HER OWN FAMILY

Behind her stands Viscount Astor, co-proprietor of the *London Times*, who is ridding himself of his great American estate. Around them are their children.

FRANCE—FOR A CONSIDERATION Germany's richest man is discussing the situation with the French commissioner, Marquis de Lubersac, in Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin. Sir Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, is sent to America to conduct the war debt funding negotiations.



© Central News

THE FIRST TURKISH CALIPH TO BE SHORN OF TEMPORAL POWER  
Abdul Medjid Effendi, 38th successor to Mohammed in the House of Osman, dressed like a business man, is photographed with his favorite daughter.

# THE CURRENT OF OPINION

**A Time to Snooze**—There is a curious parallel between the recent elevation of Bonar Law to the Premiership and the somewhat earlier election of Warren Gamaliel Harding to the Presidency.

Both secured their support mainly by promising to do nothing, nothing startling, that is, nothing important. In one case the campaign word was "normalcy"; in the other case, "tranquillity."

It amounts to the same thing.

After the torments and turmoil of war, we sink gratefully into the torpor of peace.

Both of these candidates appear to have aimed at what used elegantly to be styled "a program of innocuous desuetude."

Of course, President Harding has done far better than he promised. And doubtless Premier Law's performance will greatly outshine his prospectus.

Still the parallel remains.

Is it possible that after the wild debauch of war, nations, like individuals, crave a time to snooze?

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**The Devilish Turk and the Demon Rum**—That section of the American clergy which demanded that President Harding hurl an army against Mustapha Kemal have supplied an otherwise tragic situation with an element of humor.

They are the same idealists who led the United States into the

paths of Prohibition, and who are laboring valiantly to make the world unsafe for Alcohol.

What will they say when they learn that Kemal's first act upon usurping power in Constantinople was to dry up the town? And, surprising as it may seem, when it came to toasting the Mudania Armistice the presence of a Turkish prohibitionist, Ismet Pasha, made it necessary for even the Allied generals to drink ginger beer.

□ □

**Clemenceau's Appeal**—M. Clemenceau's tour has been a great popular success. Everywhere "the Tiger" has been warmly welcomed and everywhere he has supplied excellent stories for the newspapers.

But, as yet, the diplomatic results of the pilgrimage are nil. Clemenceau is asking the impossible. He prophesies Europe perpetually at war and pleads that, in such a bellicose Europe, the United States

shall be—whatever the issue—the friend of France—which means the enemy of France's enemies. It is a hopeless proposition. From many quarters and in many accents, Clemenceau has had his answer.

His visit to President Harding follows, instead of preceding his speeches. This is surely a mistake. The Republicans are in office and nothing can be done for France except



WANTED: A SKIPPER  
—Hoover in *Saturday Evening Post*.





A FLIMSY FOUNDATION  
—McCay in New York American.

through the Administration. Apparently Clemenceau, who has been advised by Colonel House, has played a long game, based on the assumption that in two years the Democrats may sweep the country with a policy of joining the League of Nations and guaranteeing the French frontier. That is taking a big chance on our political uncertainties.

The fact is that Americans already know whatever it is pertinent to know about France. What we think about France in particular and Europe in general is, in the circumstances, quite as important as what Europe is thinking about America. A real need is that the French should begin to know the first things about the United States.

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Alas, Poor Newberry!—Truman H. Newberry, the "persecuted" Senator whose friends spent too much money getting him elected in that celebrated campaign against Henry Ford, has resigned his seat in the Senate and gone back home to Michigan.

Mr. Newberry, with 133 Republican campaign work-

ers, was indicted for conspiracy to violate the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. He was convicted with sixteen other defendants and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary and a fine of \$10,000. But in 1921 the Supreme Court reversed the convictions—not upon the ground that he was not guilty, but upon the ground that the law was unconstitutional. On January 12, 1922, the Senate resolved to let him retain his seat, embodying into their resolution a severe condemnation of excessive campaign expenditures.

Eleven months later Michigan repudiated Senator Townsend, apparently on the "Newberry" issue, and Senator Newberry took his colleague's defeat as an intimation that the time had come for him to retire. It was just as well. Had he remained, it is probable the Senate would have ousted him next March, when the new Congress meets.

So exit Newberry. During the fight over the peace treaty, Mr. Newberry was the Senate "majority" of one. Without him there



SOMETHING THEY LEFT OUT!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.



would have been a tied vote, and Vice-President Marshall would have cast the deciding ballot in favor of Mr. Wilson's work at Versailles.

In a sense Mr. Newberry killed the Versailles Treaty. He is proud of it. According to his lights he has served his country. It is probably true that he has been made to suffer for four years for the sins of others. Even his antagonists seem to have a high regard for him personally.

His election as Senator seems to have been his political death warrant.

Alas, poor Newberry!

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### Big Business to the Rescue—

Those who argue for the cancellation of the European debt frequently advance the statement that the money provided by America was used in the United States to pay profiteering manufacturers exorbitant prices for war materials.

Now, no one claims that these war supplies were sold at bargain prices.



AFTER ALL, MOST OF OUR CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RAISED ON IT

—Ding in New York Tribune.

It was a period of great inflation. Prices were abnormally high, not only in America but in every country.

Here is an interesting side-light for those who are of the opinion that all the big business concerns of America coined money out of the European calamity.

It is a letter from Lord Northcliffe, dated from Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., August 13, 1917, published in Walter Hines Page's "Life and Letters."

"In great privacy let me tell you of an enormous responsibility that was placed on my shoulders one midnight in the form of a desperate cable from A. J. B. [Arthur J. Balfour] as to the immediate putting of our Fleet out of action, owing to an apparently suddenly dis-



A NEW IDOL

—Kirby in New York World.

covered great shortage of oil. . . . I knew that the cable, if disclosed, would cause such a jump in the oil market as had never been known. . . .

"I read and re-read that telegram, and finally called up the Standard Oil head man. We met, and I gave him the cable to read, despite its 'Most Urgent Most Secret' inscription. He read it slowly twice, and gave it back to me, saying: 'If it can be done it will be done.'

"I said nothing whatever about price. Those people started in right there, and oil is pouring across the Atlantic at a lower price than we have averaged over here. They could have squeezed millions out of our trouble if they had chosen. When I thanked them they merely remarked, 'It's our war as well as yours.'"

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**North Dakota's New Senator—**Three days after the November elections, according to the New York *World's* correspondent, a farmer up in Pembina County, North Dakota, near the Canadian border, came in from his barn, and casually put in a long-distance telephone call to a newspaper office in Fargo, a hundred and fifty miles away.

He wanted to know about the outcome of the election for United States Senator. He had been "busy about the place," he said, and had had no time to inquire since Election Day.

"Why, Governor!" came the reply, "you've been elected!"

Thus former Governor Lynn J. Frazier learned that he had been chosen for United States Senator. They grow hard spring wheat up in Frazier's country and the new Senator from North Dakota is evidently a product of the soil.

His sort of poise, if carried into the Senate, won't be a bad ingredient to add to the Senatorial pot-pourri.

**Munitions Bootlegging—**Georges Clemenceau had been speaking for an hour and more.

It was at the Metropolitan Opera House, the "Tiger's" first appearance in America.

With amazing vigor the wonderful old man, "Father of Victory," demanded our admiration and support and protection for France.

"It is France," he cried, at the close of an impassioned period, "who stands for Liberty!"

Then the voice of a heckler suddenly horrified the audience.

Up in the balcony a man in evening dress had risen and was shouting tremulously:

"How about the French alliance with Turkey?"

The "Tiger" shook off the question. He continued his address in a trifle louder tones.

Meanwhile, according to the press report of the incident, house detectives hustled the heckler out into the street.

"This is no public meeting," he was reprovved severely. "You had no right to interrupt the speaker."

The heckler was weeping. He gave his name, Vassos Coyimzoghlu, a Greek importer of figs.

"Fifty of my relatives were killed at Smyrna," he sobbed. "I only wanted to ask him—"

Perhaps he wanted to ask why France allowed her nationals to supply Mustapha Kemal with machine guns, motor trucks, and other war materials.

It is a question many people would like answered.

And it is a question which could be addressed with equal pertinence to Italy. For France was not the only sinner in this respect. Italy also helped to arm the Turk.

Munitions bootlegging is indefensible on any grounds. Yet it has been indulged in all down the centuries. Every nation on earth has been guilty of it at one time or another.

Sooner or later the plain people of all lands will demand that a stop be put to the indiscriminate and unregulated sale of firearms. It seems certain that ultimately the nations of the earth will supervise and record the manufacture, sale and distribution of war munitions, and file their records in a central bureau, as at The Hague.

With or without an effective international police force under the League of Nations, we need an agreement which will curb the activities of munitions bootleggers.

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**Kansas Industrial Court**—Jonathan R. Davis, who has just been elected Governor of Kansas, declares that the first thing he intends to do as Governor is to bring about the repeal of the Industrial Court Law.

"The Court has been unfair and unjust," he said, "and there is no need for it in Kansas. Obnoxious laws cannot exist as long as I am Governor. The Industrial Court Law is one of them."

Thus Kansas seems to be ready to take a backward step. The Industrial Court Law was simply an effort to make the two quarreling parties settle their industrial difficulties in court. The gist of the argument for it was that as questions of property and of honor and even of life and death are settled by courts, industrial questions ought to be settled the same way. Against this argument there is no reply except that the labor element does not like the law.

The Industrial Court Law was one of the hopeful spots in the industrial field. It was an experiment, frankly an experiment, and nothing more. Time was needed for its testing. It might have worked out badly, or it might have proved a great boon. Now we shall never know, apparently. Personalities and party politics seem about to wipe it out.

**Be Sure of Winning**—The summary execution by firing squad of five Greek statesmen for their share in mismanagement of the war against Turkey, recalls the slower but equally tragic fate which has overtaken the Bulgarian cabinet ministers who swept their country into the World War on Germany's side.

Briefly, they were accused of criminal haste, of committing Bulgaria to war "without sufficient diplomatic preparation." Each day for nearly four years they were marched, hatless and in chains, through the streets of Sofia, from the prison to the courthouse, and back again, while their trial dragged on and on, interminably.

One or two are said to have died of the prolonged ordeal.

At length the case against them was completed, and the Bulgarian nation was invited to vote upon the question of their innocence or guilt. The vote showed that 75% of the Bulgars adjudged them guilty.

They were sentenced to life imprisonment.

If, following any war in which they involved their nations "without sufficient diplomatic preparation," cabinet ministers throughout the world could count on such a trial, or on a Greek firing squad after swift courtmartial, it is probable that cabinets would weigh their decisions more carefully than at present.

Of course, had Bulgaria won, these twenty-two poor wretches would have been great national heroes. It is only Bulgaria's defeat which makes them criminals. The same applies to Greece. They gambled—war is always a gamble—and lost. It might be urged that the Greeks and Bulgarians in punishing their ministers so severely show themselves poor sports.

The moral, however, is clear: When declaring war, first be sure of winning.

**A Qualification for Diplomacy—**What a wonderful advantage deafness is to a diplomat.

Ismet Pasha, at Lausanne, could not hear what was said unless it was shouted directly into his ear.

Thus he is immune to oratory. Flattery is lost upon him. Cajolery and persuasion is a waste of time. If he is to be bullied, it can only be by written threats. And—written threats, when couched in the inevitable diplomatic language, are not very impressive.

That large department of diplomacy known as bluff is rendered almost useless by Ismet's deafness.

Is the wily Turk really deaf, or merely diplomatically hard of hearing? So valuable an affliction might well have been assumed.

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**Radio Power—**The other day a heavily laden freight train was started by radio, and ran for some distance without local control. There was an engineer on the locomotive, because the law requires it, but he took no part in handling the machinery.

Boats have already been constructed which can be navigated from the shore, perform evolutions and fire broadsides without containing any human being, all being managed by radio power.

A pilotless army plane, equipped with an automatically controlled device said to be more accurate and dependable than any human pilot, has been developed to a point where it has made successful flights of more than ninety miles, it was announced by the Army Air Service.

Every advance of this sort lengthens and strengthens the human arm. Unless there be a parallel advance in the human mind and soul, so that that arm shall be used for construction and helpfulness, the human race may soon destroy itself.

**High C. Living—**Since last August living costs have been going up.

Such is the brief announcement of the return from Elba after a hundred days (or more) of exile, of that Napoleon of boom times, that price-raising wizard, High Cost of Living.

Before he was driven into retirement a couple of years ago, he had constructed a skyscraper of prices averaging nearly 200% over those of 1914. It was a skyscraper whose topheavy heights were threatening to fall and crush the workmen who still swarmed upon the scaffolds adding story after story.

After a revolt of the buyers had driven H. C. L. from office, Declining Prices took charge, and being a radical person with a taste for incendiaryism, he threw bombs at the skyscraper of inflated values.

In the fire which followed many innocent persons—and a few profiteers—were consumed. Millions of workers were thrown out of employment. This made Declining Prices unpopular, and brought about a demand for the return to power of High C. Living.

So it goes in a democracy. The politicians, regardless of party, are all alike, yet we shift hopefully back and forth from one party to the other in our quest for wise and beneficial rulers.

"Hope springs eternal."

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**An Eminent Pessimist—**H. G. Wells, the distinguished author, asserts that the world of Europe is sinking to the level of the Middle Ages, that debts are pushing peoples back into sheer peasanthood for subsistence, and that millions in towns will be superfluous.

"At the present time," he says, "the civilized organization of Europe is sinking, and it is sinking very rapidly. For all we can tell,



it may be dying. It is a collapse that began in Russia in 1917 and which has been steadily spreading westward since that time.

"Those countries wherein money has gone to pieces are pulling back on the clumsy system of barter, and you will have, following this fall in the monetary system, death of the transport service, death of organized industrialism, death of town life.

"There is no person, no class of human being who can get along without money except the peasant, and Europe—beginning with Russia and spreading now westward—is relapsing toward the peasant life.

"The country which can carry 70,000,000 people in conditions of modern industrialism cannot carry more than 12,000,000 peasants, and you are faced now with a Europe in which one country after another is becoming aware that its population contains superfluous millions."

Was it not Voltaire who said, "If there were no God it would be necessary to create one"?

Just so if there were no currency system it would be necessary to create one. And when mental aberrations on the part of persons in power lead to the destruction of any given currency, it always becomes necessary to recreate it.

Already the most extreme of the decryers of money, the arch-communist, Lenin, has seen the error of his ways. Recent dispatches credit him with a scheme to establish a new currency on an absolutely solid gold basis. In Russia, where the attempt was made to reduce the idea of money to an absurdity, the absurdity of the attempt has been made apparent. They still have 5,000,000 rubles in gold specie (about \$2,500,000). Against this they will issue a new, and strictly redeemable, paper currency.

Rumor has it that a connection between the State Bank of Russia and one of the larger New York

banks has been effected. This will make it possible to buy letters of credit in Wall Street and embark upon business or pleasure trips in Russia with perfect financial safety.

The pessimism of Wells to the contrary notwithstanding, it is possible to take a fairly cheerful view of Europe's currency situation. When it becomes clear to the worst offender against sound money, Russia, that gold must be the basis of currency, there is at least ground for hope that presently the other nations will stop printing fiat paper and follow Russia in restoring the gold standard.

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**Pride of Race**—Cincinnati's Germanistic Society held a meeting the other day—the first since the war—and announced its intention to spread the gospel of German "kultur" throughout America.

Thus Cincinnati's Teutonic element resumes its interrupted functions. So it will be with similar societies in other cities.

The reappearance of these Germanistic groups is a reminder of the unconquerable power of that force in human nature known as "pride of race."

Pride of race is universal. No race ever stops bragging about its fighting quality, or its civilizing influence, or its beauty, or its strength.

Every people under heaven believes in its God-given superiority to all other peoples, no matter how ground into the dust it may be by disease, decadence, conquest, or other misfortune.

Sir Hugh Clifford says that the Sakai, a tribe of naked savages in the interior of the Malay peninsula, with a mentality just above that of the orang-utans which also occupy those dense forests, have no word in their language for men, except the name of their tribe. They only are "men." All others are something



WHEW!

—Reid for Newspaper Syndicate.

less than men, inferior creatures, lower animals.

Psychoanalysts inform us that every healthy-minded person believes that somehow, in some obvious or mysterious way, he is a chosen one of God, distinguished over and above his fellows, set apart—Superior.

Persons, they say, who lack this wholesome pride of self, or lose it, are mentally sick! They suffer from the derangement known as an "inferiority complex."

Pride of race, then, is only a generalized form of healthy personal vanity. It is cheerful self-confidence. The capacity to live on comfortable terms with one's self and one's world.

We are all more or less pneumatic. We need to be inflated with respect and the consciousness of having done good work. If we are not thus pumped up, we bump along over life's rough roads like a flat tire.

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**Time to Remember Roosevelt**—With the emergence of Senator Robert M. La Follette at the head of a group of men vowed to a policy of destruction and obstruction, the

United States is probably in for a new period of attacks on big business and successful business men.

It is a good time to remember Theodore Roosevelt's resolute defense of honest business, and his appeals for straight thinking on the part of the general public.

The following paragraphs from one of Roosevelt's addresses are quoted from Harold Howland's book on "Theodore Roosevelt and His Times":

"From the standpoint of our material prosperity there is only one other thing as important as the discouragement of a spirit of envy and hostility toward business men, toward honest men of means; this is the discouragement of dishonest business men. (*Great applause.*)

"Wait a moment; I don't want you to applaud this part unless you are willing to applaud also the part I read first, to which you listened in silence. (*Laughter and applause.*) I want you to understand that I will stand just as straight for the rights of the honest man who wins his fortune by honest methods as I will stand against the dishonest man who wins a fortune by dishonest methods. And I challenge the right to your support in one attitude just as much as in the other. I am glad you applauded when you did, but I want you to go back now and applaud the other statement. I will read a little of it over again. 'Every manifestation of ignorant envy and hostility toward honest men who acquire wealth by honest means should be crushed at the outset by the weight of a sensible public opinion.' (*Tremendous applause.*) Thank you. Now I'll go on."

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**"Short" Stories in "Leisured" America**—America is the land of leisure, according to Ward Muir, writing in the *London Nation*. In America people have time to read "short" stories of eight or ten thousand words. English "short" sto-



ries, he points out, range from twenty-five hundred to four thousand words, and one of our "short" stories would be placarded by an English magazine as a complete novel.

"The enormously long railway journeys of America," he declares, "account for some of the vogue of the enormously long American magazines; the ones in which a 'short' story takes 8,000 or more words to tell, and a travel or political article which an English journalist would be compelled to compress into one column is made to spread over many pages, and wander, a lost river of verbiage, through a maze of advertisements.

"The advertisements, by the way, are the second reason for the American magazine's inordinate bulk. They are also, like the railway journeys, a geographical factor. A colossal clientele is reached by the American advertiser. He penetrates throughout a whole continent, and enters homes where much of the shopping can only be done by mail. Consequently, the American magazine's advertisements mean something of which we, looking at the English magazine's advertisements, have no conception. And those advertisements must be supported by reading matter.

"So great is the burden of advertisements borne by the kind of American magazine of which I am speaking, that all the articles and stories have to be long in order that their tails ('continued on page' so and so) may provide the reading matter against which the advertiser pays to put his announcement in the hinder pages of the compendium. The consequence is that length, in an American

magazine story or article, positively assumes the aspect of a virtue. But those very homes, isolated from towns, which are partly the cause of so much advertising, are also appreciators of length in reading matter. The prairie household genuinely has time to read all the 8,000-words of the *Saturday Evening Post*. (I never came across an English or Scotch farm where there was more than time for a glance at the morning paper.)

"Looking at it from every angle, and regarding it geographically or psychologically, one is compelled back to the same conclusion—that America is (compared with England) a land of leisure. Only a leisured nation could have developed a *Saturday Evening Post* or that monstrosity, a Sunday Supplement. Only a leisured nation could have invented the five- or six-reel film."

Thus we see ourselves as others see us. It is amusing to have our America of the famous Hustle and Drive viewed as the Land of Leisure.



VIA DOLOROSA

—Kirby in New York World.

## Representative Government

**W**HEN the Lloyd George government ceased to represent the people of England it stepped out at once, and new men took hold who are more in harmony with the popular will.

This shows that there is some ground for the claim that the government of England is more representative than that of the United States.

The House of Commons in England, which began its sessions in November, 1922, was elected in November, 1922.

The Congress which in the United States was elected November 7th, 1922, cannot come into existence under any circumstances until after March 4th, 1923; and unless the President chooses to convene it, says the *New York World*, that Congress will not meet until December 3rd, 1923, one year and 26 days after the American people voted it into power.

Whatever its faults, the British government is at least flexible and responsive, and, with all our talk of democracy in the United States, we have not as yet achieved representative government, but only an approximation thereto.

That is the excuse for the obstructionist tactics of Senator La Follette and his group of irreconcilables. They have talked the Anti-Lynching bill to death. As we go to press they are threatening to talk the Ship Subsidy to death. They can continue with other bills. They accuse the present Congress of being unrepresentative, and they apparently plan to paralyze its legislative operations. The present Congress, they say in self-justification, has been repudiated by the people and has no "mandate" to do anything. They mean to see to it that it does nothing.

Meanwhile, the new Conservative government of England is also accused of being unrepresentative. David Lloyd George has analyzed the election returns to prove that the Conservatives polled only six out of fifteen million votes. Bonar Law's cabinet, therefore, represents only a minority of the voters.

Britain's new masters may come into office more promptly than ours, but that does not guarantee their representativeness to be greater than the representativeness of our "repudiated" Congress.

Lloyd George inveighs against the English election results in the strongest terms, and has attempted to frighten his country into changing its antiquated voting system, by holding before it the grisly possibility of Labor's riding to power some day on a similar minority vote.

What is representative government, anyway? How can it possibly be obtained?

Our new Congress, which will not meet until a year after its election, may become highly unrepresentative before it ever meets. We are a notoriously fickle nation. We change our minds with great rapidity.

Of course, we might insure their representativeness by arranging for the recall of Congressmen. The recall of public officials has drawbacks, however. Officials subject to recall are apt to become demagogues. Only demagogues or motion-picture actresses or baseball heroes can hold the popular interest and enthusiasm long enough to get anything done.

After all, a moderately representative government is perhaps better than an absolutely and completely representative government would be. The public mind in America is highly inflammable, and if it were reflected in the daily acts and enactments of our legislators almost anything might happen.

## A Pan American League

**A**RE North and South America to have a League of Nations all to themselves? This seems to be the objective towards which Secretary Hughes is working. Five small countries in Central America—Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador and Costa Rica—are meeting at Washington to compose their differences, and Santo Domingo has been granted "Cuban independence." If an All-American League be thus developed, does it mean that nations in the New World will cease to be effective members of the League of Nations which meets at Geneva? It is a pertinent issue.

Mr. Samuel G. Inman calls our attention to the importance of the coming Pan-American conference. He says:

"The calling of the Fifth Pan-American Conference at Santiago next March offers an opportunity for this country to face squarely our relations with Latin America and to work out a program of friendship with an international machinery adequate not only for settling disputes, but for working positively toward a closer cooperation of the twenty-one American countries. The Santiago Conference should face as important and delicate questions in connection with our relations with the South as we did at Washington concerning our relations with the Orient. There is danger, however, that without a campaign of education through the press of the United States the Conference may dodge these larger issues and confine itself to routine matters. This might result fatally, since the Latin-American countries are now wavering, in choosing their relations, between the United States and the countries composing the League of Nations.

"The four Pan-American conferences held in the past have been largely meetings of acquaintanceship. They have been ruled too largely by questionings

and by suspicion. They have often feared to face in the open the great problems that were underlying the lack of friendship on the American continent. If the Fifth Pan-American Conference is really to face the great problems of inter-American cooperation it will be because there is a new understanding among the people that their representatives at the next conference shall frankly face and solve these difficulties which have driven North and South into misunderstandings."

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## The Income Tax Delusion

**O**NE of the pitfalls of taxation is the delusion that taxes should be levied upon great fortunes and rich men, and not on everybody. This is a delusion because it is impractical. It is impractical because rich men can dodge taxes and poor men cannot.

For instance, to judge by the income tax figures, it might seem that millionaires are becoming extinct in America. Here is a table showing the number paying an income tax of a million dollars or more a year, as given by B. C. Forbes:

Year	No. Paying	Inc. Paid On
1916 .....	206	\$464,273,644
1917 .....	141	306,835,914
1918 .....	67	137,486,892
1919 .....	65	152,650,245
1920 .....	33	77,078,139

But these figures are really flimsy. The truth is that there are more multi-millionaires in America than ever before, except for a short period during the war boom.

The explanation is that the rich man has learned to dodge having to pay the tax collector more than seventy cents on each dollar of his income. He does this little trick by investing his capital in securities free from income tax levy.

Such securities are county, state, road, water and similar bonds. Capital so invested does nothing towards increasing the prosperity of the country. It does, however, supply politicians with a lot of money for purposes of graft.

In a word, the present income tax drives capital out of productive business into non-productive business, increases unemployment, and eventually bears much more heavily on the poor than a just and equitable general tax would do.

In his recent report to Congress the Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew J. Mellon, declares that eleven billion dollars' worth of tax-exempt securities have been issued by the States and their political subdivisions, and that the country's men of wealth are investing their funds in these tax-exempt securities in order to dodge the surtax upon income.

The Secretary recommended that we stop the wholesale tax exempting and cut the surtax in order to increase the proceeds of taxation, and in order to divert capital from relatively wasteful political channels and direct it into productive enterprise.

The higher surtax rates, which run up to 58% when the normal tax is included, place the heavy taxpayers under a tremendous temptation to dodge their surtaxes by every permissible method. This produces "an artificial situation which is not wholesome from the point of view of business or industrial development.

"At the same time it is impairing the revenues of the Government, for under existing conditions the higher surtax rates are undoubtedly operating to reduce rather than increase the revenues. This presents a problem which calls for solution, and I believe it can be solved only by relieving on the one hand the pressure for reducing taxable income, and on the other hand by

closing, so far as possible, the existing avenues of escape. To attempt to close the gaps alone will not be enough, for the existing rates of surtax cause such heavy pressure for avoidance that new gaps would surely be found. The high rates sound productive, but the fact remains that they are becoming increasingly ineffective, and are yielding less and less revenue every year."

During the four years from 1916 to 1920 the net income of all classes increased from six to nearly twenty-four billion dollars, and the number of income tax returns from less than half a million to more than seven million. Yet returns on incomes of over \$300,000 decreased from 1,296 in 1916 to 396 in 1920, and the amount of such incomes from nearly a billion dollars to two hundred and forty-six million.

Tax dodging takes four common forms, according to the Secretary:

1. Deducting losses on sales of capital assets, with failure to realize on capital gains.

2. Exchanges of property and securities so as to avoid taxable gains.

3. Tax-exempt securities.

4. Other avenues of escape, such as division of property, creation of trust funds, etc.

The most outstanding method of escape from the surtax is the tax-exempt securities, which come onto the market at the rate of about a billion dollars annually, and are issued without restriction by the States and their political subdivisions.

"Investors who would normally put their surplus funds into productive enterprises are automatically driven under the pressure of the high surtax rates into investment in tax-exempt securities, with the result that the Federal Government loses the revenue, business and industry lose the capital, and funds badly needed for productive purposes are diverted into unproduc-



tive and frequently wasteful public expenditure."

In the long run the situation works the greatest hardship on the ordinary, average, small-size business man who needs capital to develop his business, and must pay a ruinously high rate of interest for it, because of the competition of these tax-exempt securities.

From this circumstance flows a chain of evil consequences for the entire country. A discouraged business community, more or less starved for capital, generates hard times, and unemployment, and poor markets for every kind of goods.

Secretary Mellon urges upon Congress the prompt adoption of a Constitutional amendment to stop the flood of tax-exempt securities.

□ □

## Uncle Sam at Lausanne

**I**N the lengthy parleys with the Turks at Lausanne the United States has had two main interests: one humanitarian, and the other commercial.

One concerns the proposed exchange of populations, Greeks in Turkey for Turks in Greece. The other concerns the freedom of the Straits.

Upon both subjects our representatives have stated our position with great effectiveness.

Anent the freedom of the Straits—which is the more difficult and troublesome subject of the two—Ambassador Child made clear our attitude in the following luminous terms:

"We desire for the good of our interest, as well as for the good of all, including those peoples and nations that border on the Black Sea, that nothing shall be done that will take away from any of them—Bulgaria or Russia, the Ukraine or Georgia—guarantees that they shall be accessible to the

commerce of the world. Accessibility to that commerce is their right.

"It is equally the right of the commerce of the world to reach the peoples of this region. . . .

"Unlimited control of the Straits and the Black Sea by any one nation is against the policy of the world. . . .

"It is our view that the freedom of the Black Sea is to be gained only by disarmament. More than this, it is our belief that even armament designed to keep the Straits open is, in fact, a danger to the freedom of the Black Sea. . . .

"No nation has gone further than the United States in its policies of naval disarmament, but no nation would be readier to uphold the good sense of maintaining a sufficient naval force to act as the police of the free seas, to protect its citizens and their ships wherever they might be, to suppress piracy or other menaces, and to act at times for the public good and to give relief to the suffering, just as the ships of war have recently done in the Near East.

"Ships of war are not necessarily agents of destruction; on the contrary, they may be agents of preservation and serve good and peaceful ends in the prevention of disorder and the maintenance of peace.

"We—I believe in common with every commercial nation—wish access to every free body of water in the world, and we will not be satisfied if our ships of war may not pursue their peaceful errands wherever our citizens and our ships may go."

The Turks seem to be willing to accept the demilitarization of the Straits and the setting of an International Commission of Control, but Tchicherin, the Russian Foreign Minister, is not willing.

"International control," he is quoted as saying, "means nothing but trouble; international cooperation introduces international rivalries. The Allied scheme will compel Russia to arm again and keep on



THE MATCHMAKER  
—Johnson in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

arming. International control is more prejudicial to commerce than Turkish control."

There is no longer a question, he asserted, of a Russian advance into Asia, but there is a question of a British advance into Europe."

The issue thus seems to be joined between Italy, France and Britain, acting as a group under British leadership, and Russia. No wonder Rechad Bey, of the Turkish delegation, declared that:

"On the Straits question we are caught between Russian and British rivalries. We are in a difficult position and ask nothing better than to find a middle ground which would please both these powers."

The true inwardness of this struggle, so far as Russia is concerned, seems to rest upon the fact that the Soviet Republic has no Black Sea navy, and small prospect of being able to build one. Therefore it is to her interest to see that no other nation should dominate the Euxine.

She has proposed the reapplication of the arrangement which was forced upon her by French and British bayonets at the close of the

Crimean War, when France and Britain successfully defended Turkey against the aggressions of Czar Nicholas I. According to its terms Russia was forbidden to have warships on the Black Sea, and Turkey received absolute sovereignty over the Straits.

Now the positions are reversed. It is Russia who desires the Turks to have full power to fortify the Straits, and it is Russia who demands that no warships of any power shall be allowed in the Black Sea.

Britain, on the other hand, wants a demilitarized Bosphorus and free passage for her ships. That is to say, she wants to extend British preponderance in sea power to the Black Sea.

Turkey's position, like our own, is midway between the two, though Turkey is prepared to demand tremendous concessions in the way of oil fields and territory as the price of relinquishing her full sovereignty over the Straits. That is to say, Turkey is prepared to sell the freedom of the Straits, if enough compensation is offered.

The American view-point, because of its disinterestedness, seems at this writing likely to prevail. The solitary sea route to Bulgaria, Ukraine and the Caucasus states should not be controlled by any one power. Those Straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles should be relatively as open to the ships of the world as the Strait of Gibraltar. Suitable concessions to the desire of the Turk to erect protective fortifications around Constantinople can surely be made without endangering the freedom of that narrow but all-important passage from the Aegean to the Black Sea.

The discussion, as presented through the press cables, is confused by irrelevant matters, such as the extent to which our participation involves us in the League of Nations, or in the future policing



of Europe, but one thing at least is clear, and this is a thing of great moment.

The importance of maintaining the world's peace on the world's highways has been brought home to the nations.

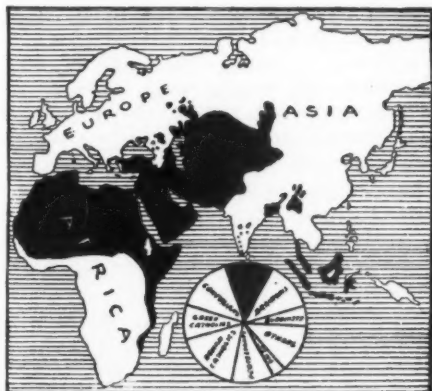
It is a good beginning for the march toward world peace.

Herein history seems to be repeating itself, for what is happening bears a strong resemblance to the development in the Middle Ages of the idea of the "King's peace."

The King's peace meant that no disorder or brawling was allowed in the king's presence. His person was inviolate, and his audience chamber must be kept quiet and orderly. Then the King's peace was extended to include the castle and grounds, and the capital city. And eventually it was extended to the King's highways.

The world now seems to have reached the stage of demanding the King's peace on the King's highways. The sea highways of the world must be kept open to all nations at all times.

It is not a new principle in international law, but the time seems to have come when men are willing to die in its defense, and that means



THE GROWING POWER OF ISLAM

The black areas in this chart indicate Moslem countries, and the black sector in the circle below shows the proportion of the world's inhabitants now followers of Mohammed.



ADVICE THROUGH THE WINDOW

—Kirby in New York World.

that it is about to be established.

Turning now to our humanitarian interest at Lausanne.

Just exactly what deportations of populations were proposed, and by whom, is difficult to ascertain, because of the smoke screen of secrecy and propaganda which has been thrown up around the Lausanne conference by its legion of newspaper correspondents.

However, at the present writing, it appears that Dr. Fridtjof Nansen submitted a memorandum approving of someone's scheme to swap Turkey's Greeks for Greece's Turks. To this suggestion of Nansen's, Venizelos appears to have agreed. But Venizelos tried to make an exception in the case of the Constantinople Greeks.

He was willing enough to exchange the three or four hundred thousand Turks in western Thrace for the five or six hundred thousand Greeks in Asia Minor. But he insisted that the Greeks in Constanti-

nople should be allowed to remain where they were.

The Turks demurred. Their spokesmen pointed out that it is impossible for Turks and Greeks to live peaceably side by side. They can tolerate the Armenians within their borders but not the Greeks. Anything rather than Greeks.

"We have had Greeks in Turkey for hundreds of years," a Turkish delegate is quoted as saying, "but we don't want them any more; either in Asia Minor or Constantinople."

Therefore the Constantinople Greeks are ordered to go with the rest of their countrymen.

Perhaps this adamant attitude is dictated in part by the consideration that Constantinople's Greeks are very rich, and their confiscated possessions would assist the Angora government in compensating the Turks in Asia Minor whose lands were devastated and whose dwellings were burned by the Greek armies during their retreat from Eski Shehr.

"There is no place in Anatolia for the Mussulman to live," said the Turkish representatives, "because the Greeks burned the houses. If the exchange of populations is made, our Turks from western Thrace must be housed in Constantinople in houses the Greeks must evacuate for them."

The Turks were very bitter over the migration proposals, which, they claimed, were suggested to Dr. Nansen by the Greeks. It was a Greek idea, they said, launched to make it appear to the world that Turkey was mistreating the Greeks.

Apparently the only population element which would not welcome the proposed mass migration are the 200,000 Constantinople Greeks. Their removal to some rural district in Thrace, or in Greece proper would, in all probability, result in the deaths of large numbers of them.

It was with this tragic possibility in mind that our "special observer," Joseph Grew, read the following statement at Lausanne:

"The American delegation is not in accord with the proposals for new compulsory movements of populations. . . .

"Without discrimination between the parties to the negotiation for exchange the American delegation is unable to approve the movement from Constantinople of the Greek population of that city, particularly under conditions which will send an urban people, used to artizanship and commerce, to a rural district.

"We will not hesitate to express, in pursuance of our legitimate humanitarian interest, our protest against any such dislodgment of human beings."

Then on December 12th Ambassador Child used the following sentence in addressing the conference: "The representatives of the United States believe that the ends to be sought are prevention, rather than mere relief, and guarantees of safety for minorities, rather than mere succor to their misery."

It is a most unhappy problem. When the Allied troops are withdrawn from Constantinople, what is to prevent a wholesale massacre of those Greeks who have had the hardihood to remain behind?

It is to be hoped that no withdrawal will take place until their future status is assured by the strongest sort of guarantees.

Meanwhile these statements of Ambassador Child and Minister Grew\* enable America to "point with pride" to something tangible which has been achieved by her statesmen. Once more we can look the world in the face. Whatever the outcome of the present negotiations, we have been "fighting on the side of the angels" at Lausanne.

\* On page 2 the photographs of Messrs. Child and Grew should be reversed.

## Will the Franc Follow the Mark?

THE French franc has fallen to one-third of its normal value. It is slipping slowly downhill, and the banks are inquiring how far it will follow the mark.

The reason is simple. France still fails to balance her budget. Her people are prosperous but her public purse is depleted. There is wealth laid by, but the taxes are often evaded. The Government is therefore constantly borrowing. No government that borrows 2 billion dollars a year can expect its currency to remain at par.

France maintains that she has to borrow in order to find money to restore her devastated provinces and that this expenditure will be repaid by Germany. By the Treaty of Versailles, Germany stands pledged thus to meet the cost of reparations, but no considerable sum is likely to come to France in the next few years and the annual deficits will in the meantime accumulate into an ever more burdensome debt.

France has thus to face the fact that her economic future depends on herself. Germany ought to pay. But Germany can't or won't and no one can compel her.

France can, of course, seize the Rhine Valley and various German assets, like mines and forests, but these acquisitions are not cash and will not yield any considerable surplus of cash, after wages are paid to the workers on these properties.

With her magnificent seaboard France can develop a foreign trade. At present she imports more than she exports and this keeps down her exchange.

It is a hard thing to say, but there is no cure to be found for French finance except in Paris. Serious reports of the waste and graft that accompany war are current; and it

is by no means certain that the funds allotted to upbuilding the stricken areas have always been applied strictly to that desirable object. Also, talk of "the next war" must always discourage credit, not only in France but over the whole of Europe. This talk has led to heavy selling of French securities on Wall Street. The situation daily becomes more perplexing, if not threatening.

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## What is Happening in Ireland

THE Irish Free State, baptised in blood, is now fairly launched. Its Constitution has been ratified by the British Parliament and the first Governor is to be that now venerable but ever stormy and sarcastic petrel of Nationalist politics, Timothy Healy, for so many years a thorn in the side of the long suffering John Redmond.

Two problems confront President Cosgrove and his Cabinet, namely, finance and the furious disorders promoted by the Republican irreconcilables. Associated with Britain, Ireland was one of the few solvent countries in Europe. But standing as she has wished to do on her own feet, she has to face a huge deficit on her budget and to raise a loan.

Damage to property is estimated at 200 million dollars, and an army of 30,000 men costs 30 million dollars, or 1,200 dollars a man, per annum. The last British troops are leaving the island and collections of revenue are by no means effective.

The rebels, whether in Ireland or in the United States, continue to demand a Republic and to declare that "the Free State is England's smoke screen." No fewer than 10,000 of them are held as political prisoners, yet disorders continue,

including a plot to kidnap the entire Dail Eireann or Free State Parliament.

Richard Mulcahy, Minister of Defense, has instituted severe reprisals. A number of insurgents, caught with weapons, have been secretly court-martialled and shot, among them the Englishman, Erskine Childers, who, with his invalid wife, a Boston lady, exercised a powerful influence on De Valera. All efforts to save Childers failed and he met his end with courage.

Mary MacSwiney, sister of Terence, who starved himself to death, has also been on hunger strike in prison, but was released before the end came. Outside the prison gates lay another sister, Annie MacSwiney, also on hunger strike in sympathy with Mary. Mrs. Terence MacSwiney, the widow, has caused trouble at Washington by picketing the British Embassy. The Catholic Church is refusing to hunger strikers the consolations of her faith. And these extremists are denounced by Bishop Cohalan of Cork—brother of Judge Cohalan of New York. But as a protest against the latest "reprisals," Joseph Connolly, Consul General of the Free State in New York, has resigned. And Irish Republicans in that city are still strong enough in numbers to hold a riotous demonstration of sympathy.

Whether the Free State is really trying to capture the fugitive De Valera, is an undecided question. He is reported in various places, including London, and narrowly escaped arrest, it is said, at Count Plunkett's house in Dublin. He has issued an absurd manifesto, abolishing the Free State Courts of Law, the chief result of which has been to encourage the crimes of the mere thugs who are using these disorders as a pretext for personal robberies.

The country certainly appears to be standing firmly behind the Free

State and against the faction that fosters what has become sheer anarchy.

□ □

## British Elections

THE British elections have completely transformed the aspect of Britain's Parliament. The new House of Commons consists of:

Conservatives .....	345
Labor .....	141
Asquith Liberals.....	57
Lloyd George Liberals....	52
Independent .....	10

This means that Bonar Law, as Prime Minister, can depend on a majority of about 100 over all parties. With the Conservatives thus triumphant, any idea of a new Coalition or National Party has been abandoned. Winston Churchill, who favored it, has been defeated in Dundee by the enormous majority of 12,000 votes, coming out at the bottom of the poll, and he is now devoting himself to journalism, at 1,000 dollars per contribution. It looks as if Lloyd George's friends among the Conservatives—men like Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead—would have to choose between straight Liberalism and straight Conservatism.

The two groups of Liberals are uniting. In order to facilitate the reconciliation, Mr. Asquith has quietly surrendered his leadership in the House of Commons and his active career appears to be over. Indeed, "Margot's" memoirs, of which a second instalment has just been released, make it well-nigh impossible for her husband to resume high political responsibilities. As leader of the Independent Liberals, Asquith is succeeded by Sir John Simon, an amazingly successful lawyer, who might have been Lord Chancellor but preferred a chance of becoming Prime Minister.

With the Liberals still divided,



the Labor Party has become for the first time "His Majesty's opposition." This change is, indeed, a revolution, but it should be understood that "Labor" includes many members who have been classed hitherto as Liberals. The upheaval is thus not quite so alarming as it looks on paper. Labor and Liberalism are already voting in the same lobby and an arrangement between them was never so probable. The common fight against the Conservatives and the knowledge that no alternative Government is possible unless Liberals and Labor work together, will tend to consolidate the two parties. Britain is not to-day politically Conservative. As David Lloyd George has pointed out, the Conservative majority in the House represents a Conservative minority in the country—the actual vote being:

Conservatives .....	6,000,000
Labor .....	5,000,000
Liberals .....	4,000,000
<hr/>	
Total .....	15,000,000

This is not a situation with which any party can be satisfied.

The real sensation is the return of the Pacifists. The men who opposed the war—Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden, Norman Angell, C. P. Trevelyan and others—are back again in public life, and Ramsay Macdonald is actually leading the Opposition. This means that if the Government were defeated it would be for Ramsay Macdonald that the King would send, to be the next Prime Minister. The explanation of this come-back is not so much a change of opinion over the justice of the issue between the Allies and Germany as a profound disgust over the various treaties of peace, and especially that of Versailles.

The Labor program includes a levy on capitalization and nationalism of mines and railways. But

until Labor obtains office, these schemes only appear on paper and cannot be considered immediate politics. What Labor has to do at the moment is to criticize the Government, especially unemployment, which continues serious, and low wages, and bad housing—and, last but not least, foreign affairs, in which direction Bonar Law's promise of tranquillity has been by no means fulfilled.

□ □

## Lenin Preaches Capitalism to the Communists

**I**N two recent speeches Premier Nikolai Lenin has been preaching Capitalism to the Communists. He calls it State Capitalism, but there is only a verbal difference between that and ordinary out-and-out Capitalism.

The first speech, to the Communist Internationale, was delivered in the throne-room of the Kremlin, where, a few short years ago, the august majesty of Russian Czars found symbolic expression in ermine robes and crowns and sceptres studded with diamonds and emeralds.

Lenin, like a good proletarian, wore a soft collar and a plain sack suit, buttoned tightly around his short, stocky figure, and spoke in German, hesitantly, halting to ask a word ever and anon from those beside him.

"We went too far," he says, "and we have found that nothing is final, that always we must learn from circumstances. We started transformation too fast, without sufficient force behind us. We were like an army that got too far in advance of its base. We found the peasants and small bourgeoisie that form the vast numerical majority of our country were against us. To retain power, we had to satisfy them."

*To retain power!* There's the phrase emphasized. They had to choose between Communism and their jobs, and

they clung to their jobs and chucked Communism out the window.

"In February of last year," Lenin goes on, "the peasants that form the majority of our population, and even inhabitants of the towns and cities, were protesting. Their masses realized we were trying to cut the corners too sharply. The situation was critical, so we decided unanimously for the necessary change of policy, and instituted a system more in accordance with their needs.

"To-day, instead of opposing us, the peasant masses are with us, small industry and commerce are reborn and working for the general benefit and satisfaction. Only heavy industry is backward. For that we need money, 100,000,000 gold rubles at a minimum. We have only 20,000,000 available. With that we do what we can, but we need more.

"To maintain the success of our revolution the proletariat class must retain power. How? The land of Russia still belongs to the State and the basic industries remain in the State's hands. Where we have admitted Capitalism we remain its master. Thus there is no danger in their close association with the Capitalist enemy."

Lenin's speech contains no apology for abandoning pure Communism. "He aimed to show his hearers," says Walter Duranty, in the *New York Times*, "why Russia exchanged pure Communism for State Capitalism and why the change was necessary and justified by the results."

An engaging trait which Lenin possesses, in common with others of Russia's new rulers, is extreme candor about the mistakes which have been made.

Another newspaper correspondent, covering this same speech, quotes Lenin as saying at one point: "We have made stupid mistakes, and no one knows it better than I. But our mistakes were made in learning. Certainly they were not like the mistakes at Versailles, which the Capitalists cannot enforce."

A week after the speech quoted above

Lenin talked in Russian to the Moscow Soviet, and once again handed out some truths with respect to the value and expediency of capitalistic measures. The following was cabled by Duranty to the *Times*:

"When we set out to make old Russia into a new Russia we had to do a lot of smashing, and perhaps we smashed too much. We had not time to think of that or calculate whether the sacrifices we were making were not too great. It was a struggle with the old social order and we had to act, not reflect. We won, and now the main point is not to give away the fruits of the victory. We shall keep what we have gained.

"The shift from the old Russia to the new is difficult, very difficult. Even if Communists have to turn themselves inside out they must make our new economic policy work. Capitalists will give nothing for nothing—there is no free help coming from them. Russian legislation now gives foreign capitalists a chance to make profits, keep their own methods and do business.

"The time is past for looking on Socialism as a holy ikon. We must work out a practical socialism for ourselves so that not only the Communists, but the great majority of the peasants and workers will admit that the new régime is better than the old."

As this Moscow correspondent observes: "Russia is a peasant country, and without the support of the peasants not only the restoration of industry, but the very existence of the industrial proletariat is impossible."

Still it is startling to Communist sympathizers to hear Lenin adjuring them to "turn themselves inside out."

□ □

Hendrik Van Loon, who wrote "The Story of Mankind" and other popular historical books, returned not long ago from a Continental tour. He expressed himself rather forcibly to the effect that "Bolshevism is completely dead; Europe is like a lunatic asylum; history is falling to pieces; France is not so wicked—she is just damnably scared; and England is the only ray of light across the water."



## Listening In

"France, the country that shrieked against Germany, standing as a booster for the Turk! Laugh that off, Pericles."  
—H. I. Phillips, columnist.

"The only way to produce fine children is to begin with their grandparents."—Mrs. Ella A. Boyle, President of New York State W. C. T. U.

"Ireland is suffering from an epidemic of homicidal mania and is calling it patriotism."—George Bernard Shaw, playwright.

"Don't blame the beggar, blame yourself. If you would stop distributing money on the street, beggars would cease to flourish."—John D. Godfrey, investigator for the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities.

"The rich have the baby grands, and the poor have the grand babies."  
Eugene V. Debs, Socialist.

"I like poor people better than refined folk, for they have neither their egoism nor their meanness. They are more instinctively good and moral, without following a lot of conventions."—Pierre Loti (Julien Viaud), celebrated French novelist.

"I am unqualifiedly opposed to censorship. No one man is entitled to pass judgment on what millions of people ought to have."—Sir Gilbert Parker, Canadian novelist.

"Instead of worrying everlastingly about providing for the young, their elders should say: 'Dear Offspring, go out and get it, the same as we did.'"—George Ade, humorist.

"Few women have brain, much less a sense of humor. Americans do not take things seriously enough to be humorous.

Thus Americans are neither humorous nor serious. I consider that English humor is real humor. But American humor is wit. I believe the youth of the United States has much to do with its attitude toward wit and humor. A young nation, like a young person, refuses to take things seriously."—Carolyn Wells, anthologist and author.

"It would be a fine thing if all the able-bodied, husky, red-blooded Americans who have been frozen out of their churches by the narrow-backs would go and throw the narrow-backs into the rear pews and run the churches in keeping with the honor of God and the diversity of men He created. The trouble with good people is that many of them are so nice that ordinary people can't get along with them."  
—Father Francis P. Duffy, former Chaplain of the Rainbow Division.

**WHEN** Caesar spoke, the world was hushed to hear him. But nowadays, when Caesar speaks, the din of voices sometimes drowns him out.

Hence this page.

Here speak, each one his best utterance, the great ones and the wise ones and the witty ones of our times.

And if it be your pleasure, you may take your ease in your armchair and "listen in!"

"Women, to cultivate individuality, must associate with men. There is a real lack of

personality among American women. Too much follow-the-leader club life, and too little association with men. But they are much more beautiful, in feature and figure, than English or French women."  
Charlie Chaplin, movie star.

"We are the only nation to-day whose policemen on the streets outnumber the nation's army."—Herbert Hoover.

"Germany is indignant because we used black troops on the Rhine. I inquired of the French War Office what complaints had been made against black troops on the Rhine. I was told that in only one case had a soldier been guilty of an indignity toward a woman, and he was sentenced. After our army marched into Germany we wanted to give our men furloughs, and consequently we used black troops to fill the vacancies. But none are in Germany now."—Georges Clemenceau, former Premier of France.

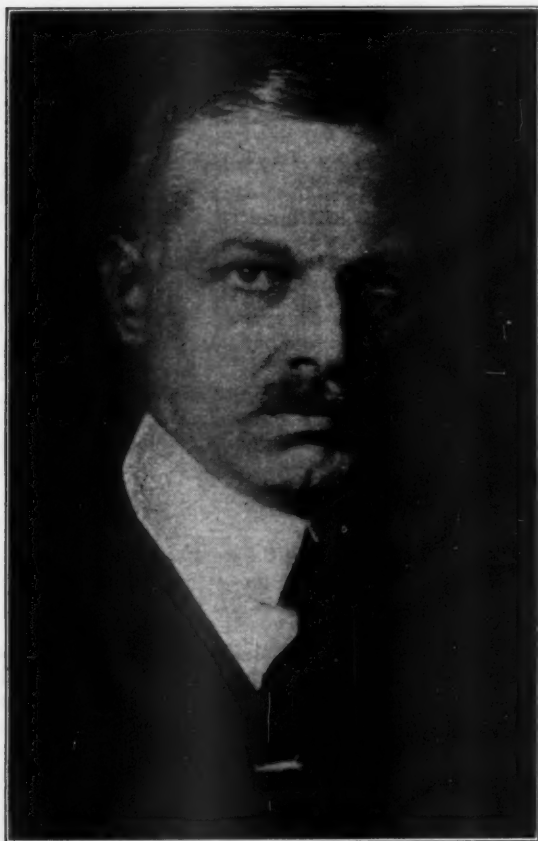
## CUNO, THE NEW HELMSMAN OF GERMAN STATECRAFT

**I**N the cloudy confusion which envelops Germany, Chancellor Wirth has resigned and Karl Joseph Wilhelm Cuno reigns in his stead. Cuno is still young for a statesman, being only 46 years of age, and he belongs to that type of recently ennobled commercial aristocrats who have become so numerous during the past fifty years, both in Britain and in Germany under the Hohenzollerns. He is a wealthy shipowner, holding directorships in all man-

ner of industrial enterprises, a charming, adroit financier, able to pick up a language like English—as he did—in a month or two; and a diplomatist to his finger-tips. He is more than six feet tall, a genial and strong-willed blond. Those who know him intimately speak of him enthusiastically as a man of the highest integrity and a fine sense of fairness and of extraordinary organizing ability.

Dr. Cuno was born amid the forests of Thuringia, where Martin Luther lived, and his father was a Privy Councillor in the German Government at the height of its imperial glory. At the universities of Berlin and Heidelberg, Cuno graduated in law and political science, after which he became what, in the United States, would be called a District Attorney at Berlin and Leipzig. In 1906 he entered the Treasury of the German Empire, remaining there until 1907 and becoming, like his father, a Privy Councillor. Among other things, he managed the grain and food supply and in 1918 he succeeded Herr Ballin as head of the Hamburg-American Steamship Lines. Ballin was by far the most sagacious of the great German industrialists. He opposed the war and Germany's defeat drove him to suicide.

Dr. Cuno assisted at Paris in the peace negotiations, and he has visited the United States where he arranged the bargain between the Harri- man and Hamburg-American shipping interests. He was mentioned as a possible German Ambassador at Washing-



© Wide World Photos

PRESIDENT EBERT SELECTS HERR CUNO, THE SHIP-  
PING GENIUS, TO PILOT THE GERMAN SHIP OF STATE  
At 46 he is called to the post once held by the "Iron Chan-  
cellor," Bismarck.

ton and was urged to accept a portfolio in the German Government at home, but he declined these honors. He is now appointed fifteenth Chancellor and sits in the coveted seat of Bismarck.

Dr. Cuno is described as a man of great executive ability; he has a genius for drawing people toward him and for getting them to do team work. He is accredited with being "one of the very few men in public life to-day who can see both sides of a question—even when it relates to Germany. Like his predecessor, Albert Ballin, he is genial, he can settle the most difficult problems because he is a man of broad vision and strong will-power, and he knows the art of compromising gracefully when absolutely necessary. If there is any man in Germany to-day big enough for the job of saving Germany, Dr. Cuno is the man."

The financial interests of Dr. Cuno are many-sided. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Bavarian Lloyd, the Towing, Shipping and Salvage Company of Hamburg, the Cuxhaven Highsea Fisheries, the shipbuilding yard "Deutsche Werft," the Middle European Dining and Sleeping Car Company, the Shipping Trust Company and the Universum Film Company. He is also Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Woermann Line, German East Africa Line, Meat Import Company of Hamburg, Hamburg Traffic Company, Cold Storage and Transit Stock Company, Storage and Forwarding Company of Hamburg, Mineral Oil Commerce Company and German-American Oil Company.

The situation in Germany is certainly strange. President Ebert is a Socialist of humble extraction, yet so firmly is he established that no party wants his office subjected to an election. Ebert must be permanent. But he governs through an accomplished bureaucrat, a capitalist and employer, trained in all the arts of monarchy. Cuno is an apostle of production, a commercial Liberal, and the one man who has challenged the autocracy of Stinnes whom he ousted from the con-

cerns under his direction. Of his ability there is no doubt, and he has an honest reputation.

But a change of Chancellors, after all, changes nothing. Whether Cuno or Wirth sits at the desk, the problems to be solved remain the same. Germany is fully employed and Stinnes wants a working day of ten instead of eight hours. But there are 600 billions of paper marks in circulation. As many as 65 millions are printed in a week, and it requires 8,000 marks to purchase one dollar. German marks have thus joined Russian rubles—in the abyss. The whole vast circulation could be redeemed for 75 million dollars gold.

But the amazing thing is that Germany and Russia, with their currencies annihilated, are increasing production. Their middle classes are obliterated. Their investments are pulverized. But they are creating commodities—Germany by manufacture and Russia in her harvests. Both countries show an industrial recovery.

What Chancellor Cuno has to face is the demand for reparations which France will press once more at Brussels in January. And it is significant that economists like Maynard Keynes—by no means unfavorably disposed to Germany—have visited Berlin and reported that Germany is well able, if she wishes, to balance her budget and stabilize her finances. In other words, her slump in marks is deliberate—which has been the view presented in CURRENT OPINION—one object being to avoid payment of reparations. Whether M. Poincaré will fulfil his threat to seize the Ruhr Valley, the Rhine boundary and German forests, remains to be seen. But this is the real issue that Cuno has to face.

His power depends on a Reichstag, divided into various groups which range from Socialists on the left to Monarchists on the right. Cuno's supporters include neither of these extremes, and his majority, if he has one, is precarious. The way in which he meets his new problems will be watched with interest.

## LA FOLLETTE RIDES TO RADICAL POWER

**I**N the next Congress no man will have greater political influence for better or worse than Robert M. La Follette. In the field of economic legislation, the most important with which Congress has to deal, it will be extremely difficult to put anything through against him, and whatever measures he proposes will have a fighting chance of adoption. In fact, as Richard Barry asserts, in a study of the Wisconsin Senator, in the *Outlook*, for the coming six years La Follette practically will be the American Chancellor of the Exchequer. This may sound absurd, in view of his policies and his record. To many it may sound alarming. But, we are assured, it is true—not primarily because La Follette is "one of the most vital and consistent political economists in public life," and not only because the late elections have given the balance of power in Congress to the radicals, but because he will be "the new arbiter of American economic legislation through the operation of the rule of seniority in the United States Senate."

We are reminded that Senator La Follette, rounding eighteen years in the upper house, is now the third member of both the Interstate Commerce Committee and the Finance Committee. These two committees, with the Committee on Appropriations, control economic legislation.

In the present and the last Congresses La Follette has been a constant menace to the conservative Republican leaders, yet he is only the third member of the two important committees. To prevent his entering the conference committee on the Tariff Bill—the

solar plexus of Congress—the former rule taking in the *three* ranking majority members of the Senate Finance Committee was changed to take into conference with the similar committee (Ways and Means) from the House only the *two* ranking members.

But they can't keep La Follette out of conference in the drafting of any economic legislation in the next Congress, for McCumber's defeat in North Dakota will advance Smoot to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee and will make La Follette the ranking member. And in conference there must be at least one of the minority, so the majority will have to be represented by at least Smoot and La Follette.

What a joining of forces—ultra-con-



HE IS IN HIS POLITICAL ZENITH

Is Senator Robert M. La Follette riding for a fall, such as he has had more than once in his humpty-dumpty career?



servative and ultra-radical! Smoot and La Follette are said to have but one trait in common, that of industry. By sticking at it these two beavers have each gnawed a way into the inner citadel of Senatorial prestige and power. They are as far apart in conclusion on all major economic policies as the negative and positive electrodes of a battery, yet over both floats the Republican banner.

Observe, exclaims the *Outlook* biographer, the "irony and the fatality of La Follette's approach to his political zenith; now, as always, opposed by the majority of his party, a voice in the wilderness, a pioneer of legislation, the man far in front and yet concretely a builder, a visionary triumphant with realized statesmanship!"

Succeeding to the ranking membership of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and as such entitled to a seat at every conference, with a practical veto power (in conjunction with the Democratic minority) over all suggested legislation within his purview, Senator La Follette will be pledged (a) to a repeal of the Esch-Cummins Law; (b) to a revision downward of freight rates; and (c) to full publicity for every fact concerning railway ownership, value, cost and management. How near is he approaching to his goal? asks Mr. Barry, in reminding us that the Republican delegates to the National Convention of 1920 gasped when La Follette submitted his minority platform demand that the Government take over in *toto* all meat-packing plants and allied industries. "Allied industries!" What did that mean? Why, groceries, naturally. That would mean grains, cereals, fruits, sugar—everything eatable. Why, he was as bad as a Socialist, they said. True, only he was worse. The Socialist party of Wisconsin refused to indorse him, on the ground that he was too radical for them.

The ordinary Republican could not think beyond this point. Relief was sought and found in the report that La Follette was "crazy." This talk

went around. Men of the highest reputation and of the most respectable character are quoted as having declared, in confidence, that "La Follette is pathologically crazy." One went so far as to say to the *Outlook* writer that he had a doctor's report confirming this, a report alleged to be based on examination during La Follette's retention in a sanitarium for treatment for mental lesion. "But this same man once told me that Henry Ford's family intended to apply for a guardian for him."

What are the facts? This Senator who, from the standpoint of economic legislation, is described as the outstanding political genius of his time, often pushes his point with such desperation that his frenzy appears irrational—surely so to an opponent. But "practically he is as sound as a nut. His devoted followers of the Wisconsin hustings, who have returned him to the United States Senate by an almost unanimous vote, who have given him the Wisconsin Assembly unanimously and the Wisconsin Senate and State Government by a two-thirds majority, do not think they have given their suffrages to a madman."

His devotion to his family is said to be beyond the ordinary. A Senator who knows him well believes that "La Follette's mind was saved during the war by the illness of his son, Robert. The Senator's devotion to the boy he loved removed him from the worst of the storm against him."

The "worst of the storm" has reference to the time when La Follette entered elevators in the Senate office building and the occupants usually vacated and let him ride alone. When he entered street cars, people left through both doors. Clubs in Madison to which he had belonged since his days as a university student expelled him. His next-door neighbors in Washington not only ostracized him, but kept tab on his callers and followed each with adjurations to avoid him in future. The Senate, whose members knew him best of all, placed him in coventry while it held in committee against his repeated



appeals for public trial the charge against him of treason, refusing to give him or anyone an inkling of its ultimate act. Meanwhile his spiritual bath in vitriol proceeded under a torrent of nation-wide execration such as few men have ever survived, and it should be noted that of the six Senators then denounced by Wilson as a little group of wilful men he alone remains in public place.

A man who defies the steam-roller is an object of commiseration or of ridicule; when he survives the steam-roller he becomes an object of hatred. A celebrated stabilizer or harmonizer of the Republican party is quoted as saying: "La Follette is a big man, all right. The way he has always kept Wisconsin behind him proves that; but he'll never amount to anything because he won't play ball; there's no teamwork in him; he don't get the signals."

Another Republican, often employed by the Senate organization as the "liaison officer" between it and La Follette, is quoted as retorting: "La Follette gets the signals all right, but not from the team; he gets them from his own inner self. Don't believe, however, that he

can't play parliamentary ball. He is one of the best at that game I ever saw, and with his new strategic advantages I don't see how anyone can beat him."

Many mistake La Follette's accents for his premises. Read one of his speeches. In it are only prosaic statements of fact, with an appeal to logic, meriting consideration, however much one may differ with the conclusion. Hear him deliver the same speech, and one may easily be confused by the violence of the utterance and the exuberance of the gesture.

Thirty-five years ago Robert M. La Follette was doing the same thing in Wisconsin that he did before the last election—holding successive crowds with the hypnotic force of his personality and the human appeal of his dramatization of economic problems. The *intelligentsia* said long ago that he was only a demagogue who would wear himself out shortly. They have kept on saying the same thing for over a generation, until "he has worn himself into a place in Washington wherein he is one of the four or five individual forces slated to rule the Government of the coming few years."

## BONAR LAW AT CLOSE RANGE

WITH David Lloyd George fallen from power, let us see what manner of man this is, called Andrew Bonar Law, who, as Prime Minister of Great Britain, reigns in his stead. A Conservative? Yes—but poles asunder from the old-fashioned Tory of the clubs, who wears an eyeglass, attends the races, curses democracy, utters lordly oaths and dines with dukes. Andrew Bonar Law is Canadian born, colonial bred, the son of a minister in New Brunswick, and bred, therefore, in a manse; trained later to be a shipowner in Glasgow. He is thus a merchant of Scottish blood, with no trace of the aristocrat about him—a cool and canny Presbyterian, who loves his pipe, a chess-

board, a fireside with a fender for one's slippers, a book, hot milk for a night-cap, and his own thoughts. That he has in his government a number of Marquises and Earls is true enough. It is also true that he has at his back the House of Lords. But himself, he belongs to the people as much as former Prime Minister Meighan of Canada, also a Conservative, of the overseas type.

It is just twenty years since Bonar Law entered Parliament. He had behind him what England calls "private means," namely, an independent income, sufficient for a politician, but not obtrusive. For Bonar Law, then, there has never been that eternal want of pence which distresses genius, and

having enough for his needs it matters nothing to him whether he was in or out of office. He could play the game for its own sake, and the leader who captured him was the late Joseph Chamberlain. To the young Canadian, training himself in rhetoric at a debating society, Chamberlain's imperialism, his dislike of the Catholic Irish, his lucidity, above all his gospel of tariffs, made an irresistible appeal; and under this Elijah of Empire, Bonar Law became the Elisha of protection. Britain would not have it but the courage and cleverness of Bonar Law's dialectics, with his smart attacks on Liberalism and Labor, made him a favorite among Conservatives, whether in Parliament or on the platform. And when, in 1911, Balfour, as Conservative leader, staggered under a third successive defeat at the polls, Bonar Law's chance came unsought. Two other men—the younger Chamberlain and Walter Long—were rivals for the succession, and a third had to be selected. Though a junior, it was on Bonar Law that the lot fell. The sophisticated were inclined to smile. And the peers made it plain that, while Bonar Law might lead the Conservatives in the Commons, there would be no acknowledgment of his authority in the House of Lords. But, for all that, he was promoted to first place in the party.

On these terms Law led the Conservatives for ten years, entering the Coalition in 1915 and leaving it in 1921. He was then 63 years old. On him, as on others, the war had inflicted not public burdens alone but private griefs, for he lost a son and, in addition, his wife. Suddenly, the doctors stepped in, ordered him immediately to abandon his ministerial office and take a complete rest for an indefinite period. Bonar Law vanished from the Parliamentary scene; Austen Chamberlain took his place as chief lieutenant of Lloyd George in the House of Commons; and the career of the Canadian seemed to be at an end. Seldom has there been so startling a

resurrection as his emergence again as head of a government.

A few months of quiet brought back to normal the unruly blood pressure which had alarmed the doctors. But in the meantime, discontent had developed against Lloyd George, especially within the Conservative party. Bonar Law had watched the revolt, a detached and undecided spectator. After all, he had been Lloyd George's colleague, and the tottering Cabinet included his friends, Balfour, Chamberlain, Sir Robert Horne and Lord Birkenhead. But at the eleventh hour he joined the malcontents, pulled over a majority of Conservatives to their side, killed the Coalition, and was asked by the King to form a new Administration. He succeeded and finds himself in Downing Street, with a safe majority in the Commons behind him.

In his methods, he intends evidently to be the reverse of his predecessor. Lloyd George was his own foreign secretary and, if need be, everything else as well; but Bonar Law has begun by handing over diplomacy to Lord Curzon and he has taken other measures calculated to decentralize his own ultimate authority. Where Lloyd George was himself the executive, Bonar Law will be content to preside over the Cabinet and allow his ministers to do their work with the minimum of interference. This, at least, is his promise, and as the proverb says, "new brooms sweep clean."

That Bonar Law has been an excellent second in command goes without saying; under Lloyd George he led the House of Commons with sympathy, good faith and tact. But he has now to meet a severer test. To what extent will he display the larger vision and deeper sagacity which are the virtues expected of a Prime Minister? During the election his slogan was "tranquility"—corresponding curiously to President Harding's "normalcy"—but, after all, these are not tranquil times for Europe, or, it may be, for Britain. In many matters there must be action rather than repose; and the right ac-

tion. The very simplicity of Bonar Law's judgment and utterance may be either his strength or his weakness. Prime Ministers are usually men who have cultivated the invaluable gift of obscurity. The trouble with Bonar Law is that he cannot open his mouth without saying something—and often saying too much. No man has lived down greater indiscretions than he.

For Bonar Law has been perhaps the only leading statesman in Britain, and perhaps in the English-speaking countries, who speaks entirely without notes. What he intends to say he memorizes, and he improvises the rest. He usually has in his pocket a little

black book for quotations, but that is all. His speeches, staccato, pointed and full of retorts—are thus quite a performance. But sometimes he makes a slip and there is then a hit-back. In his present supreme political office, he must be regarded, therefore, as a still untried man. Facing a critical House of Commons, which includes a powerful Labor Party, Prime Minister Bonar Law has not the advantage of having at his side a powerful body of colleagues. His Cabinet is weak and the success of his government in debate will depend on himself alone. He will be a big man indeed if he proves equal to the task.

## INDIANA POINTS WITH PRIDE TO THIS HOOSIER SON

**W**HEN Lord Claude Hamilton, Chairman of the Board of Directors of England's Great Eastern Railway, announced in 1914 that there wasn't a man in the British Isles competent to manage that railroad, and came to America to find a suitable executive, it stirred quite a ripple of comment. The press grew caustic. To the *London Observer*, Great Britain had not in many years had "such a shock to her pride." What was printed was mild as compared to the resentment loudly voiced on all sides in private conversation. Despite all the protest Lord Hamilton calmly installed his new American executive in authority and the object of the criticism settled down to work.

Henry Thornton—plain Mr. Henry Thornton, of New York City, the gentleman in question was then—was Superintendent of the Long Island Railroad at the time of his appointment. Three years before, in 1911, he had become identified with the Long Island system as its Assistant Superintendent, and the noticeable improvements in all branches of the road soon won him not only promotion to the superintendency but such general recognition that when

Lord Hamilton came to America in search of a man who could straighten the kinks out of the Great Eastern Thornton was the man suggested.

Well schooled in the railroad business, his experience had covered nearly every phase of the work. Although it is said his first ambition was to become a Bishop, an acquaintance with James A. McCrea, son of the President of the Pennsylvania Lines, modified his desire to conduct people safely on the journey to heaven into superintending their journeys safely on earth. Through the younger McCrea he landed a job as a draughtsman in the office of the Chief Engineer of the Southwest System following his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania in 1894. The first years were a hard struggle but they were finally rewarded in 1901 when he was made Superintendent of the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Railroad. A year later he was transferred to the Erie & Ashtabula division, where he remained till called to the Long Island.

When news of Thornton's selection for the job in England reached Logansport, Indiana, his birthplace, there was elation among the older residents, who

remembered him as a small boy with ecclesiastical aspirations before he left to attend St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire. But it was not until 1918, when he was knighted by King George, that Logansport swelled with pride. Prior to that time Logansport's chief export in the way of celebrities had been Fred Landis, brother of the baseball dictator, who at one time made the halls of Congress echo with his eloquence, but this was the first time it had sent forth one of its sons to win a foreign title.

Plain Mr. Henry Thornton is now Sir Henry, a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Instead of being the center of bristling criticism, as he was when he assumed his job on the Great Eastern in 1914, he is immensely popular. He played a telling part in the war, one that won high praise in Britain. Although omitted from the Executive Committee of Railroad Managers formed soon after the war's outbreak, due to a lingering feeling against him in certain official quarters, he soon was admitted to its councils where he became a directing factor. He showed such genius in organization that he was named Deputy Director of Inland Water Transport and Deputy General of Movements and Railways. He was appointed a Lieutenant Colonel, then a Colonel and later a Brigadier General. On becoming a British subject in 1916 the entire problem of transportation of the British Army in France was placed in his hands. In this capacity, as England's Inspector General, he saw active service east of the Argonne and north of Verdun, where he was when hostilities ceased.

Such a record has no more appropriate reward than Sir Henry Thornton's latest promotion to the Presidency of the Canadian National Railways. This will be an even bigger job than modernizing the Great Eastern or di-



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AN AMERICAN-BORN KNIGHT OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Sir Harry Thornton, formerly of Indiana and now of the British Empire, is a man of the hour in the railroad world.

recting England's whole railroad transportation problems through the war, for it means not only that he is the executive of the Canadian National Railways' 22,375 miles of trackage, but also of its sixty-six passenger and freight sea-going vessels of 400,000 tonnage. Incidentally, the slough of deficits in which he finds the Canadian National Railways is deep enough to satisfy the most bitter opponent of government railways. The sum which the people of Canada had to go down in their pockets for to even up on the operations of last year was a little over \$73,000,000. In assuming his new post Sir Henry Thornton becomes one of the world's chief railroad men.



## MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S VIVID CAREER AS AN ACTRESS

IN one of the letters quoted in Mrs. Patrick Campbell's new autobiography, "My Life and Some Letters" (Dodd, Mead), is a reference to the "queer, beautiful radiance" that she embodies. The phrase is a happy one. There has always been something strange and fascinating about this gifted actress. A leading dramatic critic has tried to sum her up as "the Baudelaire enchantress, the *femme serpent*." Another critic has called her an Aubrey Beardsley type. Still another speaks of her as preeminently a Burne-Jones type. All of which only goes to show that her triumphs on the stage may be traced at least in part to the fact that she has caught and registered in her own person some of the dominant notes in the artistic life of her time.

Her first triumph was won in the title rôle of Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in 1893. The part she had to play was that of a loose woman who tries to become a respectable wife, but who finds, in the end, that her past life has unfitted her forever for grasping any simple happiness.

Her second triumph was achieved in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," also by Pinero. "To me," she says, "Mrs. Ebbsmith was a finer woman, and the part a greater one, than Mrs. Tanqueray. In those days, not so long ago, she was a new and daring type, the woman agitator, the pessimist, with original, independent ideas—in revolt against sham morals."

From these two realistic rôles Mrs. Campbell went on to play Juliet against Mr. Forbes Robertson's Romeo. Her performance, A. B. Walkley, of the *London Times*, wrote, was "exquisitely truthful and moving." It was, above all things, young, Maurice Baring goes on to comment in the *Fortnightly Review*; and in the balcony scene Mrs. Campbell's star revealed a new and

wonderful silvery phase. "The words were not 'recited,' nor mouthed, nor dislocated, nor rendered artificial. They gave their natural fragrance like night-flowering stocks in the twilight, and were allowed owing to her exquisite modulation and touch to exercise their own beautiful spell. Mrs. Campbell showed not only that she was at home in the realms of gold, but she led us to guess at a fairyland we had not yet seen; her own province of fairyland, which she, and she only, was queen of."

When she played *Mélisande* (in Maeterlinck's "*Pelléas and Mélisande*") a little later, she entered the capital of her kingdom. Mr. Baring writes:

"In that kingdom of poetic algebra, in that land of shadows and abstract landscape, of gray cardboard towers and 'wizard twilight' and perilous seas, she was at home, and more than a citizen, a queen! She wore the robe of Maeterlinck as if it had been made for her. Later on she played *Mélisande* in French to the *Pelléas* of Sarah Bernhardt, and the effect was just as beautiful. Indeed she might have played it in Chinese, the effect would have been the same. It was not only that she was poetical, but she held the secret of glamor, and spoke with the accents and looked at us with the glance that belong to that mysterious world where Christabel slumbers and Sister Helen burns her waxen man, and fire spirits shine in the Beryl, and the Knight-at-Arms loiters on the cold hillside, and where the cups of red wine turn pale, and the hound falls dead at the sight of a woman with the West in her eyes."

By this time fairly launched on her shining career, Mrs. Campbell produced plays with an energy and prodigality that have no parallels in our time unless in the lives of Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse or Ellen Terry. Her repertoire has included Ibsen, Sudermann, Björnson, Brieux, Hoffmannsthal, Bernard Shaw and Barrie, as well as Pinero and Maeterlinck. She played in



"Macbeth" before the German Emperor in pre-war days, and has visited America seven times.

A list of the friends of Mrs. Patrick Campbell would be a kind of directory of intelligence. We would find upon it not only the names of all the dramatists just mentioned, but also Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir Henry Irving, Edmund Gosse, W. B. Yeats, Arthur Symonds, John Davidson, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, George Arliss and Norman Hapgood.

At one time Bernard Shaw, in efforts to cheer her up during a long illness, entered upon an epistolary flirtation with her. Here is one of his letters:

"Stella, Stella.

"Shut your ears tight against this blarneying Irish liar and actor. Read no more of his letters. He will fill his fountain pen with your heart's blood and sell your most sacred emotions on the stage. He is a mass of imagination with no heart. He is a writing and talking machine that has worked for nearly forty years until its skill is devilish. I should have warned you before; but I thought his white hairs and 56 years had made his philanderings ridiculous. He cares for nothing really but his mission, as he calls it, and his work. He is treacherous as only an Irishman can be; he adores you with one eye and sees you with the other as a calculated utility. He has been recklessly trying to please you, to delight you, to persuade you to carry him up to heaven

for a moment (he is trying to do it now); and when you have done it, he will run away and give it all to the mob. All his goods are in the shop window; and he'll steal your goods and put them there, too.

"But don't cut him off utterly. He is really worth something, even to you, if you harden your heart against him. He will tell you that you are too great a woman to belong to any man, meaning, I suppose, that he is too great a man to belong to any woman. He will warn you against himself with passionate regard for you—sincerely, too, and yet knowing it to be one of his most dangerous tricks. He will warn you against his warning you, not meaning you to take any warning, and he will say later on, 'I told you so.' His notion of a woman in love with him is one who turns white and miserable when he comes into the room, and is all one wretched jealous reproach. Oh, don't, don't, DON'T fall in love with him; but don't grudge him the joy he finds in writing all sorts of wild but heartfelt exquisite lies—lies, lies, lies, lies.—G. B. S."

It was during this period that J. M. Barrie, another of Mrs. Campbell's most ardent ad-



MRS. CAMPBELL WITH SARAH BERNHARDT IN "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

Long before Mary Garden delighted American audiences in Debussy's opera, Mrs. Campbell and Sarah Bernhardt had played, in England and Ireland, the parts of Maeterlinck's tragic lovers.



A FEMININE ENCHANTRESS

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, admired inordinately by Bernard Shaw, Sir James M. Barrie and countless others, is an incarnation of the era that produced Burne-Jones and Aubrey Beardsley.

mirers, threatened to write a comedy, to be called "The Weather House," in which the figures of the two dramatists, Barrie and Shaw, would be represented as alternately popping in and out of Mrs. Pat's home.

Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Campbell's first husband, was killed in the Boer War. Her only son Alan fell in the World War. Her second marriage, to George Cornwallis-West, has not gone well. She has had her full meed of trouble, as well as of triumph. Toward the close of her book she breaks into aphorisms and paragraphs in which she

endeavors to express something of her philosophy of life:

"People we love must be loved as they are. It is a want, both of wisdom and courage on our part—a sort of drug—this wilful blindness, to blame them, because they fail our vision of them."

"Youth is harmed by having wisdom thrust upon it.

"Youth must gather wisdom slowly, in laughter and tears."

"When the animal nature in man is completely dominant, we may be sure that the mind is diseased.

"An American doctor told me nobody would be evil if their brain molecules were normal."

"I agree with a friend of mine who says we ought to take off our hats to all human beings who have arrived at the age of forty, acknowledged sane, morally and mentally."

"The instinct of self-preservation is an animal instinct.

"The instinct of the preservation of the community is the highest instinct man is capable of—it must in the end lead to the preservation of the individual."

"There is a strange desire in the world to-day to speak the truth.

"It is the wailing that follows war—it comes in the wake of grief."

"The two best things to know I learned last: the meaning of the Lord's Prayer and the word Forgive—

"A friend of mine told me a story of a woman she saw praying in a cathedral abroad, kneeling with upturned face before a crucifix.

"My friend heard her making the affirmation: 'J'accepte tout! J'accepte tout! J'accepte tout!'

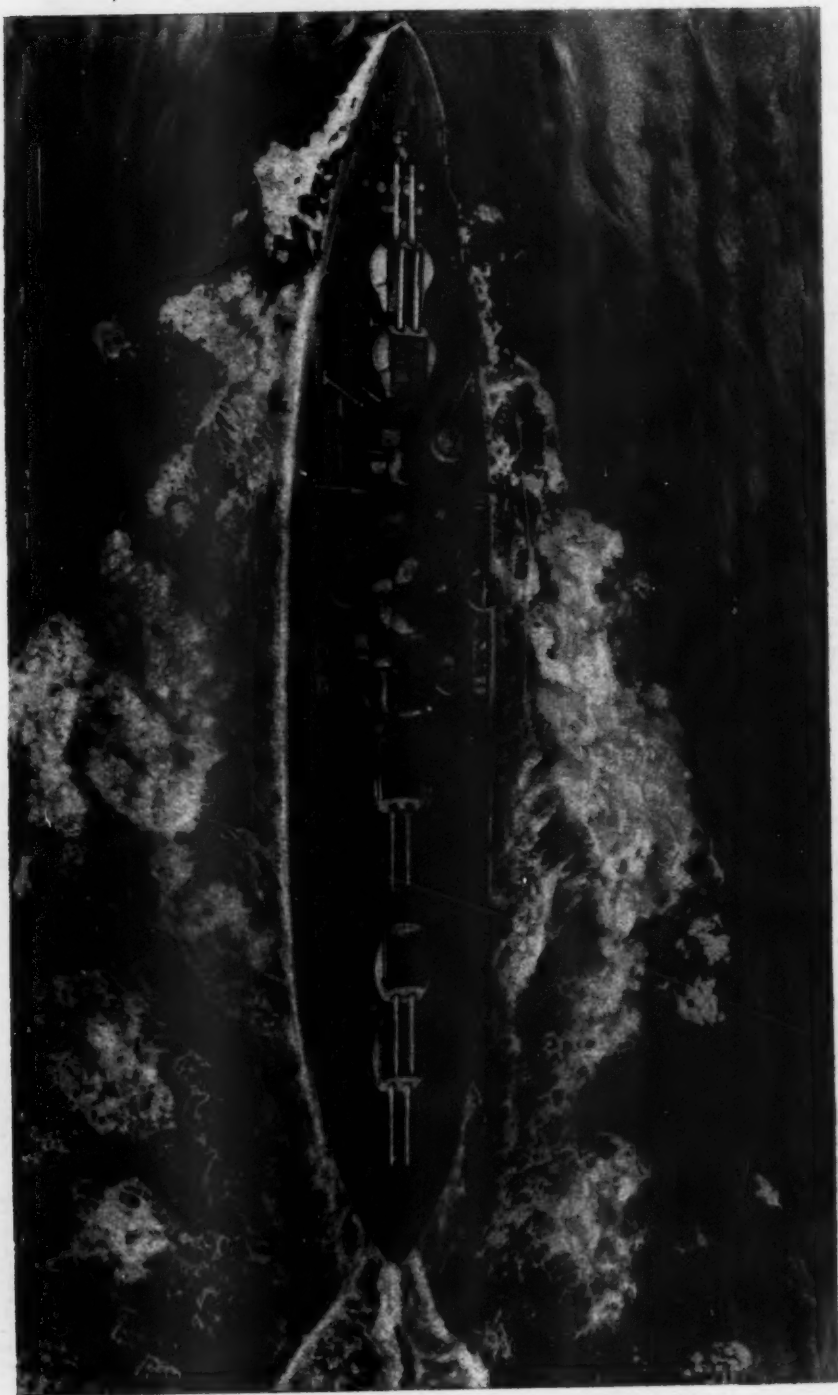
"When we can say that, we are indeed 'gay, and fit for Paradise.'"



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IT WAS HERE THAT THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918

This memorial stone, in the forest near Rethondes, France, was dedicated on Armistice Day by Millerand, Foch, Haig, Joffre and other notables.



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LOOKING DIRECTLY DOWN ON A BATTLESHIP OF THE AMERICAN LINE

As the plane flashed over the U. S. S. *New York*, off the coast of Mexico, this remarkable photo of the dreadnaught was snapped. It is one of the best ever taken from the air, of a ship going at full speed.



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**THE CORNERSTONE OF THIS METHODIST EPISCOPAL SKYSCRAPER CATHEDRAL HAS BEEN LAID IN CHICAGO**

Indicating the growth of Methodism, its "First Church" in Chicago cost, in 1834, \$580, and this towering structure, in the heart of "the Loop," is expected to cost \$5,000,000.





© Keystone View Co.

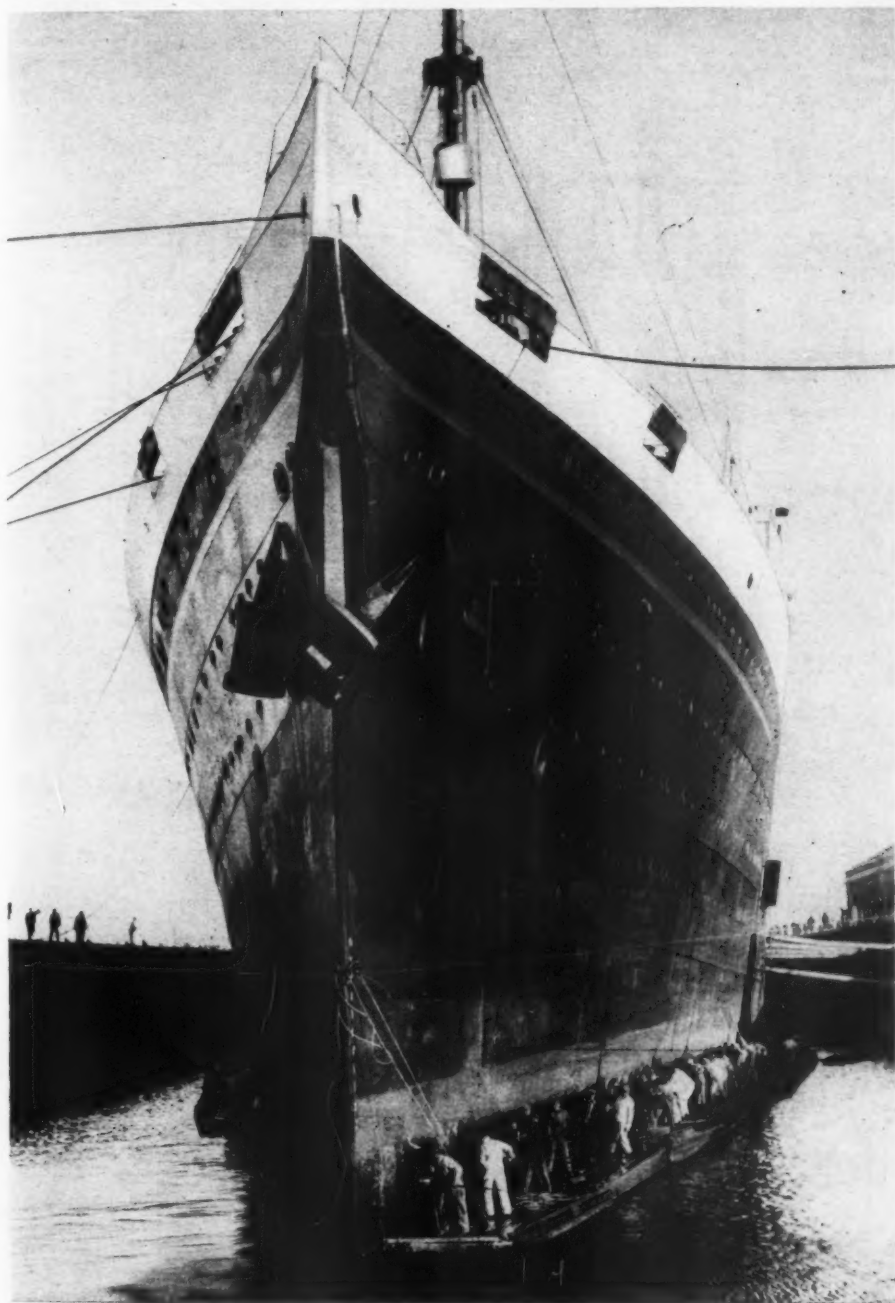
**WHERE AUDUBON, THE FAMOUS NATURALIST, LIVED AND WHERE MORSE RECEIVED THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE**

This neglected historic mansion stands at Riverside Drive and 155th Street, in New York, and bids fair soon to be demolished.



© Harris & Ewing

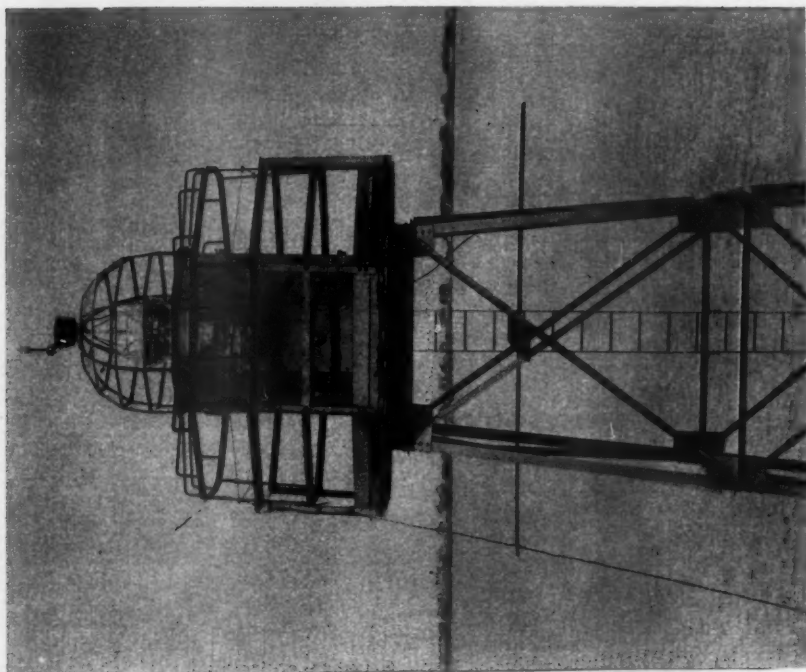
**WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON FIRST MET AND DANCED WITH MARTHA CURTIS**  
The "Old City Tavern," at Alexandria, Va., was once "the finest hotel in the United States." Next  
Coor Washington recruited his troops under General Braddock, in 1754.



© International

THIS OCEAN LINER IS AS TALL AS A SKYSCRAPER

In drydock at Boston, the "Majestic" recently has been scraped of barnacles and groomed to resume her service as "the queen of the Atlantic."



© P. & A. Photos  
A PIONEER LIGHTHOUSE ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD TO GUIDE AIRPLANES AT NIGHT  
This one, recently built at Hampton Roads, Virginia, is visible at an altitude of 6 miles above the Naval Air Station.



© Wide World Photos  
THIS NEW LLOYD, GEORGE RESIDENCE IN LONDON IS A "LONG WAY" FROM DOWNING STREET  
Britain's Ex-Premier has "temporarily" domiciled his family at 86 Vincent Square, pending his possible return to the official residence.



HE CREATED AND PLAYED "LIGHTNIN'" 2,000 TIMES AND "JUST GOT TIRED"  
Frank Bacon, most beloved character since Joe Jefferson in theaterland, has been buried with honors.



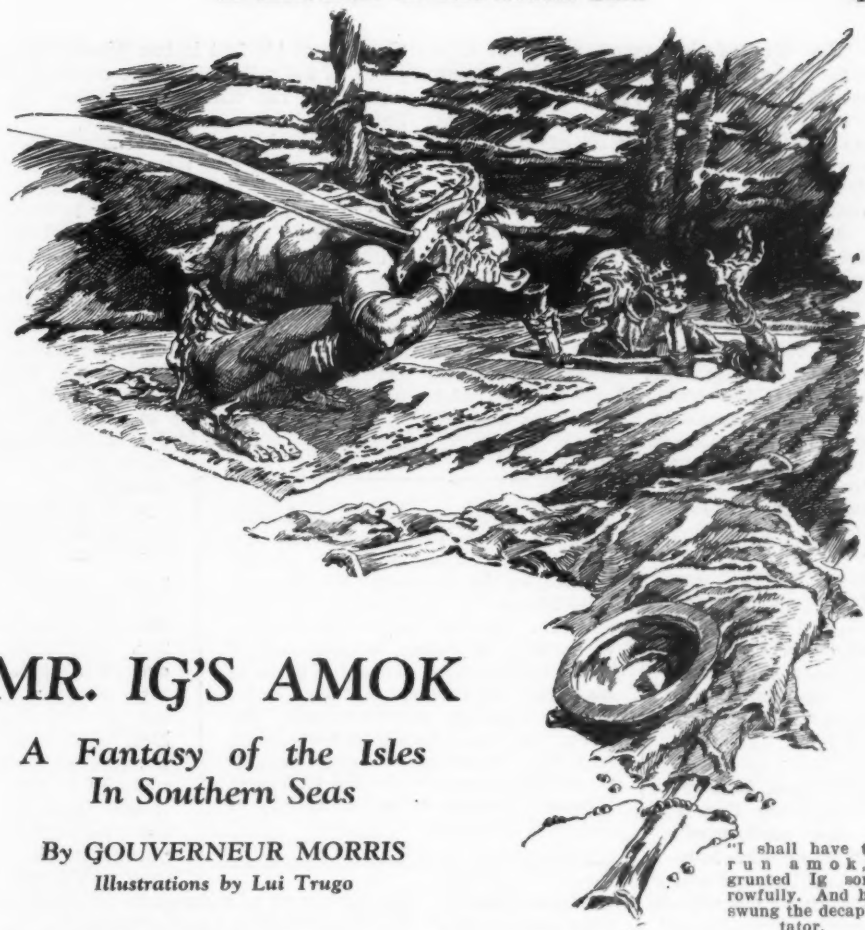
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AMBAFSAADDRESS OF FRENCH DRAMATIC ART AND "BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN THE WORLD"

Mlle. Sorel, of the Comédie Française, touring America, complimented Clemenceau for looking so well.

He replied: "You don't look so badly yourself."





## MR. IG'S AMOK

*A Fantasy of the Isles  
In Southern Seas*

By **GOVERNEUR MORRIS**

*Illustrations by Lui Trugo*

**M**ANSLAUGHTER and murder are variously regarded, but wherever civilization has risen to so much as a fig leaf, excepting always the Flowery Kingdom and the Kingdom of the Rising Sun, the gods of the place and the people who inhabit it have fixed their canons against self-slaughter. The white man who is bent on suicide simply disrespects these injunctions and kills himself; the black and brown peoples, more especially those who are of Malay descent, get around them.

When a man runs amok his object, nine times out of ten, is not to see how many people he can kill, but so to inflame public opinion that he will be cut down himself and spared the dubious hereafter of the suicide.

Ig had the wish neither to destroy him-

self nor to be destroyed by others. His house was commodious. It stood upon tall stilts over an estuary of tidal water. His pig sty stood next to it. There were plenty of mats in the house and plenty of pigs in the sty.

Ig's wife had more bright silk dresses and metal bracelets than the average wife, and there was no occasion so informal or ceremonious that Ig was not in a position to array himself fashionably for it. He nearly always had tobacco, and from the center post of the house was suspended a treasure the like of which was not to be found even in the Sultan's Armory.

It was a two-handed sword which a roving and adventurous ancestor of its present proprietor had brought home together with a couple of young princesses from an island far to the southward.

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The idea of this sword was that if a powerful man laid on with it his enemy would fall to the ground in two pieces. But although Ig was by far the most powerful man of the men of Pauru he had never had occasion to unsheathe the frightful decapitator in anger and try it out.

Before you strike with the average sword you pull it out of its scabbard. But the sword from the island to the southward was sheathed on a different principle. The case was in two flat parts which were tied together at four points with fragile dried grasses. When you struck, therefore, the scabbard burst open and fell to the ground in the same number of pieces as your adversary.

Merely to heft the sword was to believe that its mechanical principles were sound and fatal. The back was thick and heavy; the edge, which could be perceived between the halves of the scabbard, was hideously sharp.

IG, then, had everything that a man really needs to make him happy. Household goods, pigs, a wife, a fancy sword, health, youth, strength and a mind which very seldom became too active for comfort. And he had begun his career as a married man without any nervous system whatever.

His wife Plu, however, though of good family—one brother was in the Sultan's privy council—was an insufferable scold, chatterer and fault-finder. Ig, in her quick, acquisitive eyes, could never do right.

After eight years of this his nervous system went suddenly to pieces. It was a balmy spring morning. Everybody ought to have been peaceful and happy. But Plu had waked while it was still dark and she had been scolding and finding fault ever since.

The first thing Ig knew he was lost in a red cloud. When he came out of it the scabbard of the ancestral sword lay on

the floor at his feet in two pieces, and one piece of his wife lay in one corner of the house and the other piece of her lay in another.

When a white man weathers a homicidal brainstorm and returns to his senses he is more apt than not to beg the question of arrest and trial by jury by turning the smoking or reeking weapon which he still holds in his hand against himself. But Ig was not a white man, and he well knew that the ghosts of suicides are tormented throughout eternity by having splinters of burning pitch-pine continually thrust under the nails of their ten fingers and their ten toes. And even in the white man's Hell, according to Mr. Kelp, the missionary resident in Pauru, the punishment is of a fiery nature.

It was, however,

out of the question for a man of Ig's really ignominious and provoking situation to go on living. The price of another wife in pigs, silks and rubber would ruin him. And even if the severed woman could be duplicated it was doubtful if any respectable parent in the village would entrust

IT is to be regretted that the habitat of Mr. Ig, the dark hero of this parable, is not confined to the South Sea Islands, as the whimsical Mr. Gouverneur Morris would or would not have us infer. This Kaiser, or Kemal Pasha, or Trotzky, of Pauru, is an apostle of direct action and is entirely at home in his pagan environment, but his revolutionary disciples are universal. The story, which we reprint, by permission, from the December *Cosmopolitan*, is very highly regarded by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of the Society of Arts and Sciences.

the happiness of a daughter to a man who had made such a show of himself.

After all the cackle and chatter and scoldings of the last eight years the sudden silence in the house was appalling. The silence was not only to be noticed within the house, but without, and half an hour had not passed with Ig hectically trying to decide what he ought to do next when an ancient woman named Toto Shag remarked it.

TOTO SHAG lived in the nearest house on the right. In her youth she had been captured back in the forest where the river is only a spring at the root of a tree, and brought to Pauru in a Malacca cage. When she had been tamed and taught a few words of Pauru she had been taken out of the cage and initiated by the Sultan himself into the mysteries and delights of court life. But time withering her and custom stealing her charm, she had been

pensioned and sent to live in a house which was just about as far from the Sultan's house as it was possible for a house to be. Remarking the silence that was upon the house of Ig, this old lady set out to ascertain the cause.

Ig, his mind in a fearful flurry of indecision, heard the sounds of her hands and feet upon the rungs of his house ladder and came to the conclusion that if anything was to be done it must be done at once.

When the withered head of Toto Shag, with its black forest eyes and its toothless mouth full of questions, appeared through the ladder opening in the floor of Ig's house, it must have been obvious even to the most casual observer that the life of such a mischievous old woman is preserved only at a great expense to the community in general. Her gold hair ornaments alone were worth the purchase money of a young and comely wife of good family.

The old woman's marvelous forest eyes began at once to seek out the dark corners of the house.

"Why the appalling silence, neighbor?" she asked.

Ig, still undecided but badly flustered, made no answer. Then Toto Shag perceived in the corner where it still lay the upper piece of Ig's late wife, and tittered.

There is such a thing as tittering at the wrong time and in the wrong place. And there is such a thing as tittering once too often. Toto Shag had committed all three of the solecisms.

Ig, perceiving that in a few moments his inexplicable folly would be common gossip, and almost in tears, grunted:

"I shall have to run amok. It cannot be otherwise."

And he swung the decapitator and smote.

The head of the old lady went hopping and bumping across the floor of the house and the rest of her went tumbling down the ladder, hung balanced for a moment on the landing-stage and then toppled off into the water with a quiet splash.

"Oh, dear—dear—dear!" thought Ig. "Now I am in for it."

**PAURU**, rich and powerful, had not been engaged in warfare for a generation. The Sultan and the war chiefs were fighters by tradition and not by practice. It would not be easy to provoke them into doing him a violence and put-

ting an end to a life which was no longer fit to live, but he intended to do his best.

He first ate the entire bowl of rice and raw fish which the unfortunate Plu had been preparing for their joint morning meal, fed his pigs, dipped up a dozen buckets of salt water and sluiced down the gleaming mahogany floor of their sty, gathered the two pieces of his wife and the head of the old lady together in one place, covered them over with a second-best mat, changed his white cotton loin cloth for a fringed one of scarlet silk, cleaned and polished the huge blade of the decapitator and not without hesitation and embarrassment, for he was a shy man and easily confused, climbed down his house ladder to the landing-stage and set off by the forest path for the more fashionable and popular parts of the village.

Ig's way led him past the house of Mr. Kelp the missionary. He knew that it would and he hoped that the missionary, who was forever pestering him about his gods and urging him to change them, as lightly as you change breech cloths, wouldn't put in an appearance. But the missionary had a fenced-off yard in which he practiced horticulture, and here Ig perceived him from afar doing woman's work with a hoe.

Ig sighed and hoped that he could get through his business with the missionary without any preliminary conversation, but even this hope was to be blasted.

Mr. Kelp perceived Ig and approaching the fence leaned on it and accosted him.

"Why the best silk loin cloth and the great sword?"

Ig explained as best he could.

"I have divided my wife, Plu, into two parts," he said, "and the shame of it caused me in sheer desperation to sever the head of our respected neighbor, Toto Shag, from her body, and now my hand is raised against all men so that presently the hands of all men will be raised against me until the misery and confusion which I have brought upon myself may be ended forever."

So saying he swiped suddenly sidewise at Mr. Kelp the missionary; but that one ducking, madly evaded the blow and fled squealing for his house, with Ig, who had leaped the fence, bounding at his heels and swinging the decapitator.

It had been part of Mr. Kelp's policy in dealing with native populations to plant in them the belief that his own particular

bodily integrity and welfare were the particular and peculiar preoccupation of the gods whom he served and recommended, and Ig, therefore, had some reason to believe that his own death would be the instant result of killing or even harming the missionary. And so he pursued Mr. Kelp with all the zeal of a fanatic who seeks to deliver himself from oppression.

**M**R. KELP plunged into his house through the front door, which he sought to slam in the face of his pursuer and almost instantly plunged out of it through the back. The frame of the latter caught the edge of the decapitator and saved him for the moment. He zig-zagged then, darted out at his front gate and fled with incredible speed along the forest paths toward the village. But his wind was not good, and if the gods whom he served and recommended really valued him it soon became high time for them to interfere in his behalf. His stride began to weaken and falter. He stubbed his foot against a stubborn root, fell, scrambled squealing to his feet, lost his left arm at the shoulder and, an instant later, his head.

"And now," thought Ig with a sudden smile of relief, "my troubles are all over."

He stood breathing heavily, and wondered from what direction the doom,



"SO IG PURSUED WITH THE ZEAL OF A FANATIC WHO SEEKS TO DELIVER HIMSELF FROM OPPRESSION—"

which he felt certain the gods of the white man were about to visit upon him, would approach.

But after half an hour of patient and hopeful waiting it began to appear as if the late missionary had perhaps exaggerated the importance in which he was held by his gods, or that these, owing to the multiplicity of their heavenly engagements, had been too much occupied to notice his dismemberment and subsequent decapitation.

"He was wrong about this," Ig thought. "Maybe he was wrong about everything."

He sighed and walked slowly out of the forest and into the very heart of town.

"I've got to find somebody who'll put an end to all this misery," he thought, and he stood and looked about him.

In the shade of a Bo tree a number of the Sultan's children, among them the heir apparent, were squatted on the ground and playing at jackstraws. The heir apparent was a nervous, vicious child, who continually accused the littler children of cheating and slapped them right and left. He resembled his father, the Sultan, as closely as one mango resembles another. But his voice, shrill, querulous and incessant, was his mother's.

Ig stood and watched the children. A number of grown persons came out of their houses and perceiving Ig and the great red loper on which he leaned, forgot the business which had brought them out and went back in. Only the king's children intent upon their game did not notice him.

One of the adults who had come out of his house and hastily gone back in was the chief of the Sultan's war council. This able military expert now by the simple process of cutting an opening through the back of his house and thereafter crawling on his stomach for a hundred yards succeeded in gaining the Sultan's palace and the Sultan's ear.

"**I**G, the strong man," said the chief of council, "is without watching the royal children at play. He is leaning on the two handed sword which his ancestor brought together with two princesses from an island to the southward. The sword is stained with blood. And I am of the opinion that Ig, the strong man, has gone mad and that he is running amok. More particularly I fear for the life of the heir apparent, upon whom the



attention of the madman appeared to be more particularly focused, than on the other children."

"It is a pity," said the Sultan, "that I have this very morning sent the army back into the forest where the river is only a spring at the root of a tree, in order to set traps for wild women. We be old men, thou and I. But I would make short work of this fellow Ig if I had my army here."

AT that moment there came to them from without a sudden sound of screaming and squealing and wailing. Then there was silence.

"Perhaps," said the chief of the war council, "I had better go after the army and fetch it back."

"Perhaps," said the Sultan, "we should both go. The thought is not an unhappy one. I shall then return at the head of my army and deal with this fellow. It is said that the ancestral sword of Ig is capable, almost of its own accord, of separating the whole into its component parts. We had best quit the palace by the back door."

But at that moment, a knocking, firm but respectful, fell upon the front door of the palace and the two old men who had risen to their feet shivered and listened. The knocking was repeated.

"Stay where you are," commanded the Sultan suddenly, "and say what you have to say."

"Sultan of Pauru," came the answer, "I am Ig the strong man, and because of the shame and confusion occasioned by being lost in a red mist and coming out of it to discover that I had divided my lamented wife, Plu, into two parts, I have run amok. I have cut down in her old age Toto Shag, who was our nearest neighbor, and who perceiving that there was silence in our house after eight years of scolding and fault finding came to inquire the cause. I have lopped off the left arm of the white missionary at the shoulder, and his head at the neck. At this juncture his gods failed him, and always in the hope of inciting others to do me a fatal violence, I came and stood for a time watching the royal children at play under the Bo tree. But it is very horrible for a man like me to have to go on living. Wherefore in the sure belief

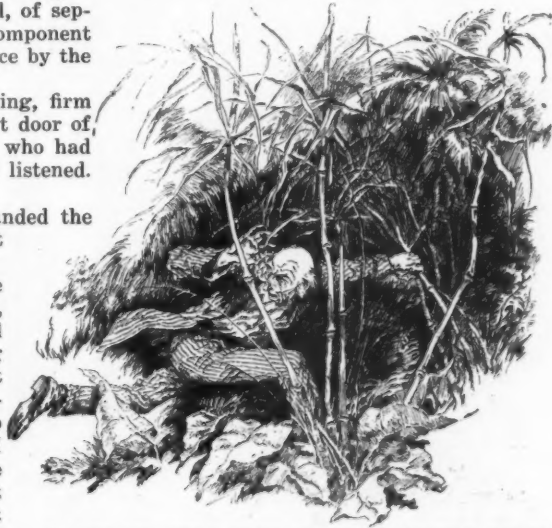
that you will order out the army and cause me to be shot down like the worthless dog that I am, I have brought you the head of the heir apparent . . ."

But the two old men had long since tipped to the back door of the palace and made their way silently into the forest.

Ig sighed, and after knocking a couple more times, and repeating, though listlessly and without much hope, the detailed narrative of his amok, abandoned himself to the languorous noon heat and sat down in the shade to rest.

Then he remembered that his pigs had not been fed that morning and he started up and hurried home. Just because he had made a horrible mess of his life was no reason why the pigs should suffer. They were affectionate, trusting pigs of which he had always been justly proud.

Certain other chores delayed his return to the village. Blue bottles were making free in his house, and it seemed best to



"—AND MR. KELP FLED WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED ALONG THE FOREST PATHWAYS TOWARD THE VILLAGE."

row the head of Toto Shag and the pieces of his wife far out on the estuary and dump them overboard. Running amok is often a slow business and he might have need of his house for several days and nights longer. Between killings a man likes to eat and bathe, to rest on a heap of mats and once in a while to change his clothes. Between killings a





"DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?" SAID THE WILD WOMAN. "I THINK YOU HAVE BEEN HORRIBLY MISUNDERSTOOD."

man likes to have some place to go, and as the old Pauru saying has it, "Home is best."

SO Ig cleaned house, and leaving a lighted stick of Chinese incense to sweeten it during his absence, returned to the village. The news of the amok which he was running was now, however, common gossip, and except for the pigs and fowls the inhabitants of Pauru

seemed all to have fled. It is true that a "lifer" stared at Ig through the barred window of the Sultan's prison, and he seemed to hear soft incantations as he passed close to the house of the priest. But of persons who might be expected to stand up and fight or to revenge themselves for the loss of kith and kin there were none.

In their headlong flight the villagers had abandoned so many articles of value

that if Ig had gathered them together and made off with them he would have been a rich man. But he was too much preoccupied with the business of procuring his own death at the hands of someone other than himself to think of worldly matters.

Fowls cackled and scratched in the mold. Pigs suffering from hunger and the presentiment that they had been abandoned disturbed the peace.

Baffled by the turn which matters had taken, Ig, after much aimless wandering in and out of houses and among them, pushed open the door of the Sultan's palace and strolled from room to room, from storehouse to storehouse, from shed to shed and from compound to compound. But it was in a remote shed at the back of everything that he found the wild woman.

Her cage of heavy malacca, one of a long row of similar cages, was the only one which happened at the moment to be occupied.

She was a little, young thing. And at first glance she seemed to consist entirely of a pair of huge dark forest eyes. Such eyes are usually associated with suffering and emaciation, but the tiny creature's arms and legs and breasts were as round and firm as they were delicate and shapely. A knee length petticoat of scarlet silk set off her rich brown coloring and the shadow of the shed was a sop to the Pauru idea of convention and modesty. She was no more than fourteen or fifteen years of age.

She must have been a long time in the cage, being prepared for the Sultan's harem, for her first words proved that for a wild woman she had managed to acquire a very unusual command of the difficult Pauru dialect.

"I've been looking for you," she said. "I heard all about you while the Sultan's wives were packing up and getting ready to leave. I suppose you know that nothing would so infuriate the Sultan as my death at your hands. What you don't know is that nothing would please me better. I am sick of this cage and I had rather die than enter the harem of a snuffy and mangy old man."

"With one blow," said Ig, "I could cut through the malacca bars and you, too."

"Don't I know that?" said the wild woman. "To look at you is sufficient. I never saw such muscles."

Ig, the strong man, blushed and stammered in his confusion.

"But before you do it," said the wild woman, and now he saw nothing of her but her eyes, "I do wish you would tell me just what you did to make your life seem no longer worth living. At least you weren't in a cage. At least you weren't being trained and educated for a life of shame."

"I was living happily enough at the time," said Ig, "if you really want to know."

And forthwith, eager perhaps for a word or two of human sympathy, he launched out and told her the whole story from the beginning.

WHEN he had finished, the vast forest eyes of the wild woman appeared to be very soft and melting.

"Do you know what I think!" she said, and she brushed her eyes with the back of her hand. "I think you have been horribly misunderstood."

Ig sighed. And his liver, which among the Pauruans is the seat of the affections, warmed toward the wild woman.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Plepilune."

"Well, Plepilune," he said, "there are all kinds of women in the world. But you are different."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how I boil at the thought of all the injustice that you have suffered!"

"And I," said he, "at the thought of a woman like you being shut in a cage and prepared for a life of shame."

"Just think of a woman scolding a man like you steadily for eight years! It's no wonder that you divided her into two parts at the end of them!"

"If I'd ever had a single word of sympathy and appreciation . . ."

"Some people," said Plepilune, "don't ever meet. Others meet when it is too late." A pair of tears almost big enough to match her eyes ran down her cheeks. Ig wondered what she meant.

"But I don't think that killing your wife ought to worry you," she said presently. "There ought to be a death penalty for scolds. We have it in the forest. And as for Toto Shag—well, have you ever considered what a lot of money it costs to keep perfectly worthless old women alive? There's two deaths at least for which the community ought to be grateful."

"But the white man and the heir apparent . . ." protested Ig.

"Do you think it's a pretty thing to go out of your way to insult other peoples' gods and try to make them change them?" asked Plepilune. "Because I don't. And in the forest we have a death penalty for just that sort of thing. The heir apparent was a spoiled brat. He was only eleven years old, but he was continually boasting about the wild women he was going to capture and have in his harem when he grew up. And now . . ."

"But," said Ig, "all that you say is doubtless true enough. You are wiser than I. But I don't for the life of me see how your death could benefit anybody."

"Or my life—in a cage."

"I will get you out of the cage in two shakes of a pig's tail. Crouch in the corner."

She crouched, and Ig hewed away the opposite corner of the cage with a single swish of the decapitator.

**P**LEPILUNE came out of the cage and, reaching up, she tried to clasp Ig's huge biceps with her little hand.

"I think," said she, "that you must be the strongest man in the world. I don't see why you should be so earnest to get yourself killed. I don't think you've done anything to be ashamed of."

"Who now," said Ig, "would ever think of me without laughing? Who now would give me his daughter to replace the wife that I have lost?"

"There's such a thing—I have heard of such things in the forest—as a daughter giving herself. But unless you intend to go on living and to fulfill your obvious destiny she would be all kinds of a fool to give herself to you."

"My obvious destiny?" asked Ig, his forehead all knotted with bewilderment.

"Take me to the throne room, and I will tell you what I mean."

The Sultan of Pauru has a throne of teak and ivory with a canopy of choice feathers. Plepilune made Ig stand with his back to the throne. She wanted to show him something, she said. Then she gave him a sudden push in the stomach which caused him to double up and sit down. Then she cried:

"Don't move! You look wonderful—too wonderful!"

And all at once as if pressed down by the wonderfulness of him sitting there she sank to her knees and bent over forward

until her forehead was pressing his foot.

Ig blushed with embarrassment. But the toes of his foot curled with pleasure.

From her low obeisance the wild woman rose slowly and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Your obvious destiny," she said, "is to be Sultan of Pauru. . . . Now don't contradict me!"

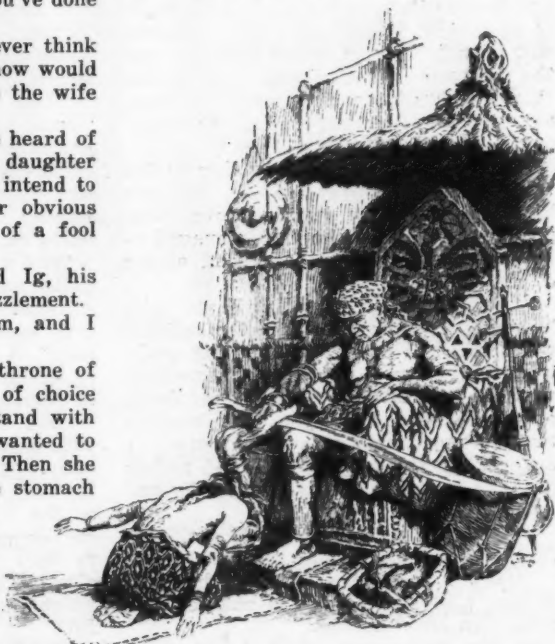
"But," objected Ig, "the Sultan—the real Sultan—will return in a few days at the head of the army."

"In the meanwhile," said Plepilune, "we shall go from house to house feeding the abandoned pigs and gathering up the eggs as the fowls lay them. When the Sultan returns at the head of the army they will be two hundred men who have no wish to die pitted against one man who so far as they know has no wish to live, and who furthermore is the strongest man in the world and the most skilful at hacking."

**I**G was silent for a long time. His slow mind was actually working. A glimmer of personal ambition was in his eye.

"The victory," said Plepilune, "would rest with you."

Another silence.



"IG" BLUSHED WITH EMBARRASSMENT AS THE WILD WOMAN SANK TO HER KNEES."

"Besides yours," then said Plepilune, "there is only one real brain in the whole of Pauru. 'Blabu—the priest.'"

"He did not flee with the others."

"He counts upon the gods whom he serves and recommends and even insists on. He is only dangerous to you. He is a plotter, a greedy self-seeker. . . . As for his gods, they are made of wood and brass and wouldn't hurt a rabbit unless they fell on it. . . . Shall I wait here for you?"

Ig went, and after a time returned carrying the head of the priest.

"Good," said Plepilune. "And now there remains only the prisoner in the prison and the madmen in the House of Skulls. You had best spare the prisoner for the present as he may be useful to you, but the madmen will always be mad and it is a lot of trouble to feed them and expensive besides."

In a little while Ig returned. But this time he kept rubbing the palm of his right hand.

"There were a good many of them," he said, "and I think I have got what is called a stone bruise."

"Let me see."

She lifted his palm close to her face.

"Is that where it hurts?"

"Yes."

She pressed her lips to the spot and thereafter laughed softly.

Ig stood looking at her and the red color mounted under his brown skin to his eyes. He had difficulty in saying what he wanted to say. At length he succeeded in blurring it out.

"No parent," he said, "after all that has happened would ever entrust a daughter to my keeping. . . . But awhile ago you said something about a daughter giving herself, and . . ."

"Of course," said Plepilune, "she would never give herself to a man who was going to insist on having a whole harem of other women, too."

"Of course not," said Ig.

After a long silence he reached forth his left hand and covered her soft, firm shoulder with it. When he spoke his voice trembled. "It's a promise," he said.

**H**OW Ig and Plepilune fed the village pigs and gathered the village eggs and kept house in the palace, with the prisoner, who proved to be a jack of all trades and a jewel of a fellow, to help them, is too long a story to tell now. It is

enough to say that it is a love story of the first water.

It was interrupted by the return of the Sultan with his army—not, as he had threatened, at its head, but at its end.

Ig and Bodo, the ex-prisoner, waited for them in the open space in front of the palace. And Plepilune climbed into the top of the Bo tree and looked on.

The moment the army came filing out of the forest, bristling with spears and muskets and bright with purple turbans and scarlet trousers, Ig and Bodo gave voice to the most bloodcurdling cries imaginable and ran right at it.

If anybody received the volley which the army fired before it turned and fled it was the sun, who looked down on the battle from his place in the heavens. The only person endangered was Plepilune. She got to laughing so hard that she nearly fell out of the Bo tree.

**I**G and Bodo ran after the army as fast and as far as they could run. They ran until here and there in the forest they began to come across weapons and even pairs of scarlet trousers which it had discarded to increase its mobility; and then they would have given up if they had not perceived just ahead of them an aged line officer who was swiftly disappearing into a hole in the ground.

They were just in time to get him by the feet and pull him out. In order to expedite his flight the aged line officer had discarded everything and was as naked as a young crow, so before conducting him into the presence of Plepilune they made him a girdle of leaves and assured him that he looked perfectly presentable.

Plepilune had a long, private talk with the old man, while Ig and Bodo slept off the fatigues of the battle and of the pursuit. And while she gave the old man his instructions she won his confidence with roast pork and fresh eggs.

When Ig and Bodo waked, the old man, nicely dressed and confident of a rosy future, had gone back into the forest.

Three days later he returned to Pauru with the army at his back and the head of the late Sultan dangling from his hand.

Ig and Plepilune and Bodo came out of the palace, and the old chief, Kerd, lined up the army. Ig stood on the top step of the palace. Plepilune stood on the other step and Bodo on the ground.

(Continued on page 114)



## INTIMATE REMINISCENCES OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST

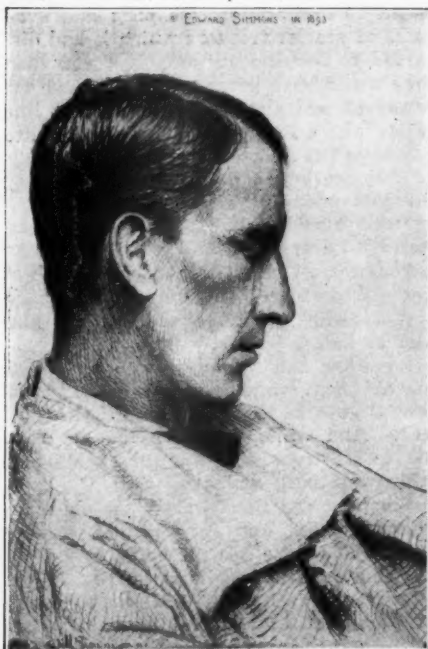
ONE of the outstanding books in a season rich in memoirs is Edward Simmons' "From Seven to Seventy" (Harper). It tells the story of an artist's life, but it does something more than that—it makes us look at our own lives, and at all life, with new eyes. We have seldom read a book in which such a wealth of anecdote was combined so effectively with a hopeful philosophy. As we follow the adventures in many lands of Edward Simmons, learn of his friendships and trace his achievement from unimportant beginnings until he became a painter of murals in the Congressional Library, in the Boston State House, in the Criminal Courts Building, of New York, and in other American public

buildings, we gain a new respect for human nature. A critic in the *New York Tribune*, who confesses that until he started to read "From Seven to Seventy" he had never heard of Simmons, tells us that after perusal he could only regard Simmons as his friend and himself as Simmons' respectful admirer. That is the sort of volume "From Seven to Seventy" is. Oliver Herford, in a foreword, goes so far as to compare the book with Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography.

The first thing to note about Mr. Simmons is that he comes of the best stock that this country has known. His ancestors were Pilgrims. He was born in Concord in the Old Manse from which Hawthorne plucked his mosses. He is a cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and grew up in the circle which included Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau. He tells us that he has seen gathered in his grandmother's sitting-room in the Old Manse, Emerson, Frank Sanborn, Charles Sumner and John Brown, "the last short and squat, his great beard upon his breast, and spreading his coat-tails before the fire like a pouter pigeon."

The ambition to become an artist must have been born in Simmons, but the first artistic effort of which he gives us any account has to do with a playbill he made for the Hasty Pudding Club, of Harvard University, during student days. He spent four years at Harvard, finding out, as he puts it, that he did not know anything. Three years more were to pass before he found out what he wanted to do.

These three years he spent on a journey west. He carried with him only two hundred and fifty dollars, and his first stop was at Cincinnati, where he met the painter Frank Duveneck. He wanted to paint, but he did not know how, and meanwhile he had his living to make.



Etching by Will Simmons

From a photograph by Benjamin Kimball

### PAINTER AND ADVENTURER

Edward Simmons encountered gunmen, three-card monte sharps and Digger Indians before he became a famous painter.



Some of the occupations he adopted were those of casket maker's assistant, salesman in a department store, literary and dramatic critic, and farmer's hired man. Gunmen, three-card monte sharps and Digger Indians figured in his world. His life during this period was fairly exciting and constantly changing, but did not satisfy him because it afforded no chance for the fulfilment of his major dream.

A little later we find him studying art in the Académie Julian in Paris. External conditions were anything but inspiring, but the atmosphere was vibrant. Lefebvre, Boulanger, Bouguereau, Tony Fleury were all teaching

there, and Simmons, with the conceit of youth, set out to exhibit his prowess as a painter. His first work was the head of an Italian; it was very bad. Boulanger came up behind him and said: "If you go on this way you might as well go home and make shoes." Half an hour later, the student greeted his master outside the class-room with tears in his eyes. "I admit everything you said. I do not know anything, but I came here to learn. You shall *not* leave here until you tell me what to do." Boulanger told him, and Simmons in a few months was doing such good work that he won an Académie prize.

Simmons' first showing was at the Paris Salon of 1881. For the next five years he lived in Concarneau, on the Breton coast. He visited Spain; went over to Cornwall; and included, among his summer adventurings, sojourns in Barbizon, Montreuil and Grez.



Copyright by Edward Simmons

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"THE RETURN OF THE FLAGS"

In this spirited painting, made for the Boston State House, Edward Simmons shows a procession of color sergeants delivering their battle flags into the custody of the State after the Civil War.

When he returned to America in the early nineties he found the idea of the Chicago Exposition engrossing the thought of almost all the greatest American artists, and he joined in the project. This was really the beginning of his career as a mural painter and led on to the important decorations he made in New York, Boston, Washington and other cities.

During all this time and in later years he was coming into contact with many of the most gifted of his contemporaries. He speaks, for instance, of Whistler, whom he met in London and who took him to lunch at the Hogarth Club and then back to a studio where a large man-servant in full livery exhibited the Whistler pictures to the guest. He tells of a café to which Paul Verlaine often came. "A plain, hairy, dirty figure, seeming physically very feeble; you would not think to look at



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"MELPOMENE"

One of the nine muses made by Edward Simmons for the Congressional Library in Washington. He tells in connection with this painting that while he was working in a corridor in the Library, Mark Hanna was showing some ladies around the building. "Rushing in at the head of his party he gave a cursory glance up and down, and then hurried out, saying: 'Come on; there's nothing there.' Just so much notice does politics give the fine arts."

him twice except to marvel at his ugliness and disorderly appearance, unless you saw his eyes." It seems that one night Simmons had a dispute with a Frenchman as to what was the meaning of courage. Verlaine, who happened to overhear the discussion, was asked to arbitrate it. "I decide," he said, "for the young American," and when asked by the Frenchman to explain this decision replied: "Because you are right and he is right; you are wrong and he is wrong. But *he* believes what he says." To Verlaine, *truth* was of no importance—the question was *belief*. Another anecdote has to do with Barbey d'Aureville, who told a group of young iconoclasts who were arguing in a café that Victor Hugo was stupid: "I agree with you in your estimate of him. Alas! he is stupid—stupid as the Himalayas!"

In New York Simmons has spent much of his time at the Players' Club. He speaks of Edwin Booth as the spirit and controlling force of the club at the time when he joined. He met Theodore Roosevelt there for the first time, and tells of a conversation between Roose-

velt and Mark Twain. Roosevelt was talking about the Spanish War, saying that every man's experience is the same, that he is always horribly afraid before his first battle, but that this fear wears off. Then he appealed to Clemens asking him if it were not his feeling during the Civil War. "Yes," Clemens answered, "I was scared to death at my first battle, but it seems to have been different with me. Yours wore off. My fear stuck to me during the whole war."

Daniel Burnham, Cass Gilbert, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the three partners of the architectural firm of McKim, Mead and White, have all been friends of Edward Simmons. While America is producing men so gifted, there is no room, he holds, for pessimism in regard to either our accomplishment or our future. It is true that American artists often have a very hard time. ("We should each one have a Maecenas to help us," he declares.) But, after all, this is natural. "We are a young nation, really in our infancy, and babies do not need art until they have been fed and kept warm."

# R. U. R.

## A Dramatic Indictment of Civilization

By KAREL CAPEK



HE IS TRYING TO THINK OF THE LOST FORMULA FOR MAKING ROBOTS  
Louis Calvert, as Alquist, head of the Works Department of R. U. R., portrays the last man  
in civilization.

IN "R. U. R." (initialized title of Rossum's Universal Robots) the Czecho-Slovakian playwright, Karel Capek, has fashioned a sociological and economic melodrama that engages the interest more for its shrewdly contrived melodrama than for its accompanying observations on sociology and economics. As George Jean Nathan observes, in the *Smart Set*, these latter are often dubious; the melodrama is always forthright and authentic. This critic complains that the author has failed to think out clearly the theme he initially poses. "He begins on one note, the economical; he progresses to another, the sociological; he crosses this with a third, the esthetic; and then he lets the three philosophical balls, already hazardously balanced on the tip of his nose, fall with a clatter by trying to stop them with a fourth, dealing with the spiritual. What begins dexterously as tragedy thus ends as farce." John Corbin, in the *New York Times*, finds the parable of the play skilfully sustained for the most part—never in-

sisted upon, always suggested—and acclaims the production as sustaining the high traditions of the Theatre Guild. To Alexander Woolcott, of the *Herald*, "it is a play in many respects more remarkable than any the Theatre Guild has attempted since it first undertook the task of remaking the American theater." To the *Sun* critic it is "magnificent melodrama, superbly portrayed and directed. . . . The final scene is like Dunsany on a mammoth scale." James Craig, in the *Evening Mail*, fancies it a better play to read than to witness acted, and Percy Hammond, in the *Tribune*, describes it as "great entertainment for the super-playgoer." We ourselves regard it as one of the most stimulating plays in a season that reaches the high-water mark of American production as distinguished from American playwriting.

Rossum's Universal Robots are mannikins so skilfully devised that they do all the manual and much of the semi-skilled work of the world. In the parable of the play they are the mechanical

workers of our mechanized civilization—human cogs and levers. Even in the first act, when they are newly created, they dabble in the phrases of Karl Marx. But as yet they are comparatively harmless. The trouble comes when one of the inventors, beguiled by the philanthropic heroine of the play, Helena Glory (Kathlene MacDonell), finds a means of creating more nearly perfect robots—gives the workers of the world ideals and education. That inflames the heart of Frankenstein, of the robots, fills him with rage against his masters—and the result is a clean sweep of civilization.

The curtain rises on the central office of the robot factory, located on a mysterious island. It is some time in the future. The business of the factory, which is directed by Harry Domin, general manager; Dr. Gall, head of the psychological and experimental department; Mr. Fabry, engineer general; Dr. Hallemeier, head of the institute for psychological training of robots; Mr. Alquist, head of the works department, and Consul Busman, general business manager of R. U. R. In the first act several of these worthies are explaining to a young woman, Helena Glory, the reason for and necessity of robots in the world:

DOMIN. In ten years, Miss Glory, Rossum's Universal Robots will produce so much corn, so much cloth, so much everything, that things will be practically without price. Everyone will take as much as he wants. There'll be no poverty. Yes, they'll be unemployed. But then there won't be any employment at all. Everything will be done by living machines. The robots will clothe and feed us. The robots will make bricks and build houses for us. The robots will keep our accounts and sweep our stairs. Everybody will be free from worry, and liberated from the degradation of labor. Everybody will live only to perfect himself.

HELENA. (*Standing up.*) Will he?

DOMIN. Of course. It's bound to happen. There may perhaps be terrible doings first, Miss Glory. That simply can't be avoided. But then the servitude of man to man and the enslavement of man to

matter will cease. The robots will wash the feet of the beggar and prepare a bed for him in his house. Nobody will get bread at the price of life and hatred. There'll be no artisans, no clerks, no hewers of coal and minders of other men's machines.

ALQUIST. Domin, Domin. What you say sounds too much like paradise. Domin, there was something good in service and something great in humility. Ah, Harry, there was some kind of virtue in toil and weariness.

DOMIN. Perhaps. But we cannot reckon with what is lost when we transform Adam's world. Adam, Adam, no longer shalt thou eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow; no longer shalt thou know hunger and thirst, weariness and humiliation; thou shalt return unto paradise where the hand of the Lord nourished thee. Thou shalt be free and supreme. Thou shalt have no other aim, no other labor, no other care than to perfect thyself. Thou shalt serve neither matter nor man. Thou shalt not be a machine and a device for production. Thou shalt be lord of creation.

BUSMAN. Amen.

FABRY. So be it.

HELENA. You have bewildered me. I should—I should like to believe this.

DR. GALL. You are younger than we are, Miss Glory. You will live to see it.

The time of the second act, which is in Helena's drawing-room, is ten years later. She has married Domin, the general manager. The world has become densely populated with robots, thanks to the industry of the factory. Helena and a girl companion, Nana, are looking out a window toward the harbor where a warship is being prepared for sea. What does it mean? they ask each other. Opening a bundle of belated newspapers, they read that war has broken out in the Balkans. "Wars, wars—always wars!" exclaims Helena impatiently.

NANA. What else do you expect? Why do they keep selling thousands and thousands of these heathen as soldiers?

HELENA. I suppose it can't be helped, Nana. We can't know—Domin can't know what they're ordered for, can he? He can't help what they use the robots for.

He must send them when somebody sends an order for them.

NANA. He shouldn't make them. (*Looking at the newspaper.*) Oh, heavens, what awful doings!

HELENA. Don't read it. I don't want to know about it.

NANA. (*Spelling out the words.*) "The robot soldiers spare no-body in the occupied territory. They have assassinated over seven hundred thousand citizens, evidently at the order of their commander. This act which runs counter to—"

HELENA. It can't be. Let's see. (*Bends over the paper and reads.*) "They assassinated over seven hundred thousand citizens, evidently at the order of their commander. This act which runs counter to—"

NANA. (*Spelling out the words.*) "Rebellion in Madrid against the government. Robot infantry fires on the crowd. Nine thousand killed and wounded."

HELENA: For goodness' sake, stop.

NANA. Here's something printed in big letters: "Latest news. At Havre the first organization of robots has been established. Robot workmen, cable and railway officials, sailors and soldiers have issued a manifesto to all robots throughout the world." That's nothing. I don't understand that. What's this? Good gracious, another murder! Oh, my goodness!

HELENA. Take these papers away, Nana.

NANA. Wait a bit, here's something printed in big type. "Statistics of population." What's that?

HELENA. Let's see, I'll read it. (*Takes the paper and reads.*) "During the past week there has again not been a single birth recorded." (*Drops the paper.*)

NANA. What's the meaning of that?

HELENA. Nana, no more people are being born.

Presently a robot named Radius enters, with his arms bound with ropes. He appears to have violent tendencies and is desirous of being sent back to the stamping-mill for annihilation.

HELENA. Why do you hate us?

RADIUS. You are not like the robots. You are not as skilful as the robots. The robots can do everything. You only give orders. You do nothing but talk.

HELENA. But someone must give or-

ders. It is curious that you speak so deliberately. Doctor Gall gave you a larger brain than the rest, larger than ours, the largest in the world. You are not like the other robots, Radius. You understand me perfectly. That's why I had you put into the library, so that you could read everything, understand everything, and then—Oh, Radius, I wanted you to show the whole world that robots are our equals. That's what I wanted of you.

RADIUS. I don't want any master. I want to be master over others.

HELENA. I'm sure they'd put you in charge of many robots, Radius. You would be a teacher of the robots.

RADIUS. I want to be master over people.

HELENA. You have gone mad.

Dr. Gall enters and puts Radius through a series of tests, such as pricking him with a needle. This seems to pain the robot considerably, but it indicates his superiority over his fellow creatures. Helena is questioning Dr. Gall about some recent improvements in the formula for making robots and suddenly demands:

HELENA. What is wrong with the birth rate?

DR. GALL. We don't know.

HELENA. Oh, but you must. Come, tell me.

DR. GALL. You see, it's because the robots are being manufactured. There's a surplus of labor supplies. So people are becoming superfluous, unnecessary, so to speak. Man is really a survival. But that is he should begin to die out after a paltry thirty years of competition—that's the awful part of it. You might almost think—

HELENA. What?

DR. GALL. That nature is offended at the manufacture of the robots. All the universities in the world are sending petitions to restrict the work. Otherwise, they say, mankind will become extinct through lack of fertility. But the R. U. R. shareholders, of course, won't hear of it. All the governments in the world are even clamoring for an advance in production to raise the standard of their armies. All the manufacturers in the world are ordering robots like mad. Nothing can be done.



Meanwhile the revolution of the robots is brewing apace and begins to menace the island on which the factory is located. Helena beseeches Domin to close the factory and leave the island, but is informed that the manufacture of new robots on a bigger scale has just begun.

They are interrupted by factory whistles blowing. The house is surrounded by robots in revolt. The attack begins. During the siege the robot manufacturers discuss the precarious situation.

DOMIN. (*Heavily.*) Alquist, this is our last hour. We are already speaking half in the other world. Alquist, that was not an evil dream, to shatter the servitude of labor. The unclean and murderous drudgery. Oh, Alquist, work was too hard. Life was too hard. And to overcome that—

ALQUIST. Was not what the two Rossums dreamt of. Old Rossum only thought of his godless tricks, and the young one of the millions. And that's not what your R. U. R. shareholders dream of, either. They dream of dividends. And their dividends are the ruin of mankind.

DOMIN. (*Irritated.*) Oh, to hell with their dividends. Do you suppose I'd have done an hour's work for them. (*Banging the table.*) It was for myself that I worked, do you hear? For my own satisfaction? I wanted man to become the master. So that he shouldn't live merely for a crust of bread. I wanted nothing to be left of this confounded social lumber. Oh, I'm disgusted by degradation and pain, I'm revolted by poverty. I wanted a new generation. I wanted—

ALQUIST. Well?

DOMIN. (*More softly.*) I wanted to turn the whole of mankind into an aristocracy of the world. An aristocracy nourished by millions of mechanical slaves. Unrestricted, free and consummated men. And maybe more than men.

ALQUIST. Ah, superman?

DOMIN. Yes.

Dr. Gall presently confesses that, unknown to his associates, he had changed the character of the robots—changed the way of making them.

DR. GALL. I did it in secret . . . on my own. I was transforming them into hu-

man beings. I gave them a twist. In certain respects they're already above us. They're stronger than we are.

FABRY. And what's that got to do with the revolt of the robots?

DR. GALL. Oh, a great deal. Everything, in my opinion. They've ceased to be machines. They're already aware of their superiority, and they hate us. They hate all that is human.

FABRY. Were you aware what might be the consequences of your . . . your experiment?

DR. GALL. I was bound to reckon with such a possibility.

FABRY. Why did you do it, then?

DR. GALL. On my own account. The experiment was my own. (*Enter Helena. All stand up.*)

HELENA. He's lying. That's outrageous. Oh, Dr. Gall, how can you tell such lies? . . . Don't believe him, Harry, I wanted him to make souls for the robots. And then I thought . . . if they were as we are, so that they would understand us, so that they couldn't hate us so much; if they were only a little human.

DOMIN. That's a pity, Helena. Nobody can hate man more than man. Turn stones into men and they'll stone us.

Dr. Gall, as well as Domin, is in love with Helena who, in her humanitarian overzealousness, has secretly stolen and burnt up Rossum's formula for making robots, and tearfully confesses:

HELENA. I wanted . . . I wanted all of us to go away. I wanted to put an end to the factory and everything. It was so awful—

DOMIN. What, Helena?

HELENA. That children had stopped being born. . . . Harry, that's so awful. If the manufacture of robots had been continued, there would have been no more children. Nana said that's a punishment. Everybody said that human beings could not be born because so many robots were being made. And because of that, only because of that—

DOMIN. Is that what you were thinking of?

HELENA. Yes. Oh, Harry, are you angry with me?

DOMIN. No. Perhaps . . . in your own way . . . you were right.

FABRY. You did quite right, Madame  
(Continued on page 73)



THE ROBOTS, IN REVOLT. ATTACK THE HEADQUARTERS OF THEIR CREATORS  
It is a gruesome and thrilling scene in the Czechoslovakian melodrama by Karel Capek, produced by the Theatre Guild, in New York.



"GO, ADAM! GO, EVE! THE WORLD IS YOURS!" SAYS ALQUIST, IN CONCLUSION  
He is addressing a super-robot and super-robotess who have developed the capacity to love.



HARRY DOMIN, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ROBOT FACTORY, TELLS HELENA GLORY A SECRET  
As a result, she burns the formula for manufacturing robots, and they face extinction.

As a result, she burns the formula for manufacturing robots, and they face extinction.

He is addressing a super-robot and super-robotics who have developed capacity to love.



THE ROBOTS DECIDE TO SPARE THE LIFE OF THEIR MASTER-BUILDER  
An intense moment in "R. U. R.," the new allegorical play, in which modern machine-made civilization is indicted.



SHE HAS SUCCEEDED GERALDINE FARRAR ON THE AMERICAN OPERATIC STAGE  
Mme. Jeritza, as *Octavian* in "*Der Rosenkavaller*," scores one in a succession of triumphs at the  
Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, this season.





CARUSO'S SUCCESSOR IS SAID TO BE THE HIGHEST PAID SINGER IN THE WORLD  
Feodor Chaliapin, the Russian basso, as *Boris Godunoff*, in the opera of that name, again displays his extraordinary vocal and dramatic power.



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**"MARCHING SOLDIERS"**

One of the two new panels painted by John Singer Sargent for the Widener Library, of Harvard University, in memory of all the men of the University who died in the war.



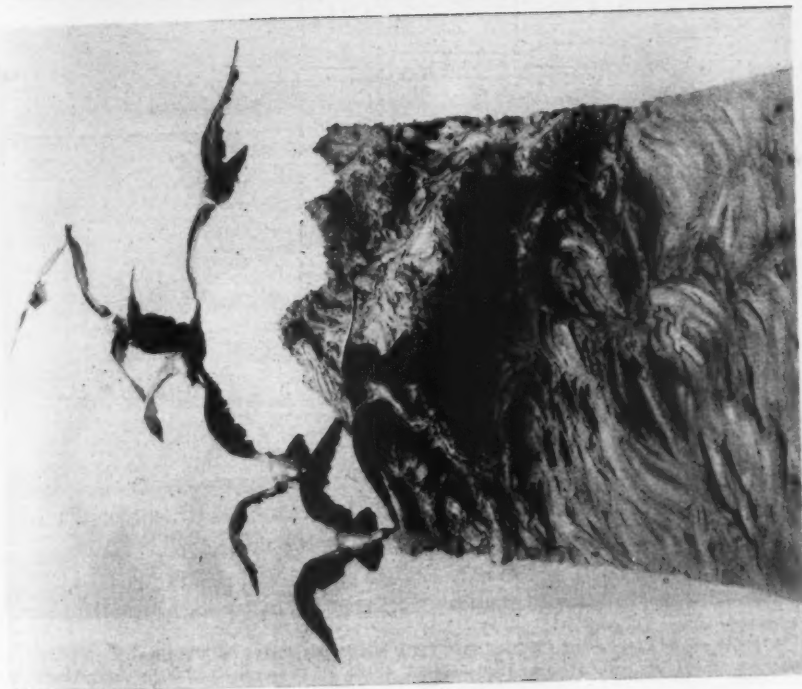
© Harvard University

**"DEATH AND VICTORY"**

The motif of this second Sargent panel is that of a mortally wounded soldier clasping in his left arm the shrouded figure of Death and in his right arm the Winged Victory.



"THE PRECURSOR"  
In this, the most dramatic of all the pictures in the new exhibition of the National Academy of Design, in New York, Will H. Low portrays the pioneer of flying who pays for his temerity with his life.



A SCULPTURAL TOUR DE FORCE  
This striking design, achieved with the aid of a strong armature supporting the sculptured birds, is the work of Ernesto Bagni del Piatta and is offered as a suggestion for a "memorial to those who have died at sea."



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#### GALLI-CURCI IN THE FLESH AND MARBLE

Allan Clark, the sculptor, is pictured at work on the marble bust of the famous prima donna, in private life Mrs. Homer Samuels, who incidentally is planning a \$200,000 home in the Catskills.



© Van Der Weyde

#### A NEW ARTISTIC CONCEPTION OF THE MARTYR MAID OF ORLEANS

In her equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, the sculptor, Sallie J. Farnham, has achieved a work of striking power and originality.

(Continued from page 64)

Helena. The robots can no longer increase. The robots will die out. Within twenty years—

In the epilogue, one year later, the curtain rises on the laboratory. Alquist is trying to reconstruct the formula.

ALQUIST. (*Thumbing a manuscript.*) Oh, God, shall I never find it? Never? Gall, Gall, how were the robots made? Hallemier, Fabry, why did you carry so much in your heads? Why did you leave me not a trace of the secret? Lord—I pray to you—if there are no human beings left, at least let there be robots!—At least the shadow of man! If I could only sleep! (*He rises and goes to the window.*) Night again! Are the stars still there? What is the use of stars when there are no human beings? (*He turns from the window toward a couch.*) Sleep—Dare I sleep before life has been renewed. (*He examines a test-tube.*) Again nothing! Useless! Everything is useless! (*He shatters the test-tube. The roar of machines comes to his ears.*) The machines! Always the machines! Robots, stop them! Do you think to force life out of them? (*He closes the window comes slowly toward the table.*) If only there were more time—more time—Ah, I am too old—too old—(*With desperation.*) No, no! I must find it! I must search! I must never stop—never stop—! (*He feverishly turns the pages of the manuscript.*) Search! Search! (*A knock at the door. He speaks with impatience.*) Who is it? (*Enter a robot servant.*) Well?

SERVANT. Master, the committee of robots is waiting to see you.

ALQUIST. I can see no one!

SERVANT. It is the central committee, master, just arrived from abroad.

ALQUIST. (*Impatiently.*) Well, well, send them in! (*Exit servant. Alquist continues turning pages.*) No time—so little time. (*Re-enter servant, followed by committee. They stand in a group, silently waiting. Alquist glances up at them.*) What do you want? (*They advance swiftly to his table, two on one side, two on the other.*) Be quick—I have no time.

RADIUS. Master, the machines will not do the work. We cannot manufacture robots.

(Alquist returns to his book with a growl.)

FOURTH ROBOT. We have striven with all our might. We have obtained a billion tons of coal from the earth. Nine million spindles are running by day and by night. There is no longer room for all we have made. This we have accomplished in one year.

ALQUIST. For whom?

FOURTH ROBOT. For future generations—so we thought.

RADIUS. But we cannot make robots to follow us. The machine produce only shapeless clods. The skin will not adhere to the flesh, nor the flesh to the bones.

THIRD ROBOT. Eight million robots have died this year. Within twenty years none will be left.

RADIUS. Master, the world is dying out.

ALQUIST. If you desire to live, you must breed like animals.

THIRD ROBOT. The human beings did not let us breed.

FOURTH ROBOT. They made us sterile. We cannot beget children. Therefore, teach us how to make robots!

RADIUS. Then we will be born by machine. We will set up a thousand steam matrices. From them we will belch forth a tide of life. Nothing but life! Nothing but robots!

ALQUIST. Robots are not life. Robots are machines.

SECOND ROBOT. We were machines. But terror and pain are turning us into—

ALQUIST. (*Startled.*) What?

SECOND ROBOT. Souls.

In the end Alquist is persuaded to make an heroic experiment on one of the robots, as a last resort. A robot, Primus, and a robotess, Helena, whom Dr. Gall made a year previously, offer their bodies for dissection. They are lovers.

PRIMUS. (*Throwing himself on his knees.*) Sir, take me. I am made as she is, on the same day! Take my life, sir!

HELENA. (*Rushing forward.*) No, no, no. You shall not! You shall not!

ALQUIST. Wait, girl, wait! (*To Primus.*) Do you not wish to live, then?

PRIMUS. Not without her! I will not live without her!

ALQUIST. Very well. You shall take her place.



HELENA. (*With a sharp cry.*) Primus!—Primus! (*She bursts into tears.*)

ALQUIST. Child, child, you can weep?—Why these tears? What is Primus to you? One Primus more or less in the world—what does it matter?

HELENA. (*Raising her hand.*) I will go myself.

ALQUIST. Where?

HELENA. In there—to be cut. Let me pass, Primus, let me pass!

PRIMUS. You shall not go in there, Helena!

HELENA. If you go and I do not, I will kill myself!

PRIMUS. (*Holding her.*) I will not let you! (*To Alquist.*) Man—you shall kill neither of us!

ALQUIST. Why?

PRIMUS. We—we—belong to each other.

ALQUIST. Go, Adam. Go, Eve. The world is yours.

## NEW YORK AS A MUSICAL CENTER IS CHALLENGED

NEW YORK, which has been supposing itself a great musical center, appears to be the victim of an illusion. It has only a far and fair prospect of becoming great. Undeniably, all the great artists pass through, play or sing in the metropolis and there are many established organizations supported by private subscriptions or endowment. But, inasmuch as there is no conservatory of music, as in Paris or Berlin or Petrograd or many other continental cities, the complaint is made that there is nothing by which to establish a high standard—one so high that few can attain it.

No less an authority than Harriet Lanier, president of the Friends of Music of New York, asserts, in *Musical America*, that not until we have absorbed our Slavic, Teutonic, Hebraic, Polish and Czecho-Slovakian population can we, through them, have a public as appreciative and sensitive to quality as the most musical nations. At present, it is lamented, "music says nothing to the greater part of our public, but makes its impressions as a more or less agreeable sound; and the louder it is, the more truly wonderful they seem to find it. So it has been an easy task for managers to fill houses with singers or players, who are willing to make a noise and are willing to sing or play the music which appeals to such audiences. Many are the promising young artists at the Opera House whose fine, fresh voices become harsh and discor-

dant, because they find, when they force their voice, the claque is vociferous and by its plaudits wins over the house to the belief that some really fine singing has been accomplished. Hence a continual descent in the quality demanded by public and manager on concert and opera stages. Salaries are raised in accordance with the artists' capacity for attracting a large audience and not on account of artistic achievement."

The enlightened citizen, the writer pursues, who wishes to promote musical knowledge, knowing it to be one of the greatest aids to civilization, will pause in contemplation. Enthusiasm only, or pedagogic talents, are not enough to direct the taste of a great and growing community—instinct is apt to be a better guide than enthusiasm; but again, that alone is not enough. A combination of great qualities, both moral and mental, are necessary, and above all a certain tradition and culture. Needless to say, we have no great musical tradition, but there is consolation in knowing that we have "splendid possibilities ahead of us if we shape our course properly." Meanwhile, the writer concludes that "those who will undertake to inspire our public with the ideal of perfection, and will help to make this great city in very truth a great musical center, will do great service and take away the reproach of ignorance and sham which hangs so heavily upon us."

## THE JEWISH BOGEY IN FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

**I**F there is one thing that the Jews have proved, in their age-long wandering over the face of the earth, it is that they lack the power of cooperation. They occupy their present isolated position, not because they have been persecuted by the Christians, but because they lack that aptitude for coherence and organization whose ultimate expression is nationality. This nomadic tendency of Israel is nothing new. It is not even modern. It does not date from the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D., as most people suppose; the Jewish proclivity for circulating among other unfriendly peoples was as much a feature of the ancient world as it is of the present one.

The difficulty of making their people cooperate for Jewish ends, even in so inspiring a cause as Zionism, is the perpetual despair of the leaders of their race. The disregard with which the mass of American Jews treat their own religion is the unending complaint of the rabbis. The problem of the unchurched is one of the pressing issues of Protestantism, and, to a lesser degree, of Catholicism, but even more acute is the Jewish problem of the unsynagogued. The synagogue itself is perhaps the most outstanding illustration of Jewish individualism. There are 700 or 800 synagogues in Greater New York, but each one is a separate entity, having absolutely no relation with the others. The Jewish religion

**T**HE progress which the Jews are making in the economic life of the United States is generally regarded as one of the most conspicuous portents of the times. The "menace of the Jew," the "Jewish peril" and such current phrases portray the emotions aroused in certain quarters. Is it true that the Jews threaten to dominate American finance, American industry—that they hold the purse strings of the United States in their hands?

Burton J. Hendrick is asking and answering these questions in a series of articles in the "World's Work." He writes without prejudice, in reporting the progress and present status of the Jews in America. The accompanying article is a condensation of what Mr. Hendrick says with emphasis in the January number of the "World's Work."

is the only one in the United States which exists without an organization; there are no Jewish bishops, or presbyters, or conferences, or convocations; all attempts to create a Grand Rabbi, a functionary who would have a kind of Pope-like supervision over all the Jewish congregations, have failed.

In politics, the same condition prevails. There is no such thing as the "Jewish vote"; Jews notoriously vote independently—be it said to their credit; a Jewish district that goes Republican this year may go Democratic the next. If the Jews of New York acted as a political unit, they could easily control the city and capture all the elective offices; yet that trait which the politicians regard as their "instability" all but robs them of political influence.

In business, as in politics, in religion and in social activities, the Jew is primarily an individualist. It is the one clear and unfailing quality of an otherwise complex character. Perhaps the Jew's constitutional restlessness under restraint, his determination to strike out for himself, his unwillingness to accept the station in which circumstances have placed him, explains this independence; at any rate, the quality is an active one and is of the utmost importance in considering the place which the Jew occupies in American life. In itself it shows that the idea that the Jew is organized in a mighty

secret plot having ramifications in all parts of the world for the undermining of Christian civilization is about the most grotesque manifestation of that hysteria which is one of the psychoses we owe to the World War.

It is really not surprising that the Jew has made no astonishing economic progress in this country. Probably this statement itself will at once cause a general demurrer. The success of the Jew has become almost a fixed idea. That he turns to gold whatever he touches; that he rapidly gains possession of financial power; that he "dominates" business and finance; that he practices a kind of competition which other races cannot meet; that for these reasons his presence is a standing "menace" to American life—these beliefs have gained so firm a foothold in the popular mind that it is perhaps useless to subject them to examination. Yet the so-called "dominance" of the Jew is perhaps the strangest illusion abroad at the present time. It is difficult to see how it ever originated. Mr. Henry Ford has spent a fortune in his recent investigation of the Jewish problem; his theme has been this "Jewish control" of America's wealth. Yet the most hasty survey of the American scene demonstrates the absurdity of this idea. The actual wonder is not that the Jew has accomplished so much in the United States but that he has really accomplished so little.

The one aptitude which is unanimously attributed to the Jews is a genius for banking and finance. He has always been a money-lender; the idea that this is an occupation to which he was forced by Christian persecution is not well founded; from his earliest appearance in history the Jew has shown great talents as a banker. What, then, is his position in American finance? The great financial power of the United States rests with the national banks, the trust companies, the savings banks, the life insurance companies, and other mighty fiduciary institutions of like character. Into these huge receptacles

the liquid capital of the American people steadily pours in an unending stream. Any man, or any group of men, or any racial unit, which could control this reservoir would "dominate" American finance; unless such a group did control these resources any suggestion of "domination" would be childish folly. Do the Jews exercise any such control? Everyone can apply the test for himself. Run over the list of directors and officers of the national bank or the savings bank in your region; how many Jews do you find occupying such places? Reading the lists of the great financial and fiduciary institutions of New York or elsewhere brings out no more astonishing fact than the *infrequency* with which Jewish names are encountered. Those who believe in the ability of the "Anglo-Saxon" element will have their vanity tickled; for the one fact this investigation proves is that the brains and energies of the nation are still found in largest proportion in the racial stock that founded it.

Why does the Jew, supposedly the world's keenest financial mind, have so little influence in these great fortresses of liquid capital? The Jew himself would probably answer that a prejudice exists against him; that there is a conscious effort to exclude him. But that is an unsatisfactory explanation. The fact that there is an occasional Jew occupying a position of importance in these institutions shows that there is no bar to his success, provided he possesses the essential qualifications. The real solution lies deeper; it will be found in what has already been said about the Jew as an individualist; and American banking and finance are rapidly losing their old individualistic character. The business is now being done by great corporations, even by great "trusts." Financial power is controlled by large aggregations of stockholders, who exercise their power through the agency of boards of directors, presidents, vice-presidents and the like. The prime quality that is needed

for success is that of cooperation, of team work, ability to lead great forces of subordinates, to work as a unit in a great organization. The present-day banker does not operate with his own capital, but that of thousands of depositors; he does not necessarily labor to build up a great institution which he owns himself; he is daily constructing an edifice in which his proprietor's right is frequently quite small. These qualities are not Jewish qualities.

There is no complaint that rests on so slight a foundation, therefore, as the so-called Jewish "dominance" of American finance. There is no peril quite so illusory as that of the "international banker." Compared with the financial power wielded by certain American financiers, the greatest "international banker" is a pygmy. John D. Rockefeller could buy up all the Rothschilds and have a tremendous fortune left after doing it. The annual income of this famous family is very much smaller than that of Henry Ford. That there are many Jewish brokers; that a small number belong to the New York Stock Exchange; that Paul Warburg was partly responsible for the Federal Reserve Law—thereby rendering a very great public service; that the same gentleman, at the earnest solicitation of the Government, became the first governor of the Federal Reserve Bank; that Mr. Eugene Meyer is the head of the War Finance Corporation—in this case also rendering an efficient public service; that there are certain minor private Jewish banking houses in New York and other cities—these facts are true; but, in view of the overwhelming importance of native Americans in the control of the financial resources and banking operations of the country, they form an exceedingly flimsy basis on which to erect this huge myth.

An examination of American industry brings out the same facts. The Jews do not control the great corporations which manipulate the great American industrial machine; in fact, they are almost negligible. The Lewisohns and

the Guggenheims are important people in copper mining, but they are by no means monopolists, for Mr. John D. Ryan and others are very active. The Jews have practically nothing to do with the Standard Oil Company and its many branches, or with the United States Steel Corporation, or with American railroads—except in some cases as bankers—or with street railways or light and power companies, or with telephones or telegraphs or electric works, or with the textile factories, or with the automobile business, or with the manufacture of agricultural machinery, or with lumber or its manufactures, or with leather and its manufactures. These industries comprise the largest part of what may be called the American economic structure. Neither as owners, controllers, managers, or workmen are the Jews of even minor importance.

In the publishing business there are a few Jewish houses, but the vast bulk of the business is in the hands of Gentiles. Much is said about the so-called "dominance" of the Jews over the newspaper press. Yet those who make this broad assertion seldom give specifications. It is true that Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, the proprietor of the *New York Times*, is a Jew; indeed when the anti-Jewish writers wish to portray the "menace of the Jew," Mr. Ochs usually serves the same purpose in journalism that Mr. Paul Warburg does in finance. Yet he is about the only Jew of commanding importance in American journalism.

The theory that the Jews are the all powerful forces in American trade and finance can be disposed of by one single consideration: who are the great American millionaires? Do their names invariably end in "-stein" and "-sky"? Here again is a test which each one can make for himself. Just think of the extremely rich men in your neighborhood. That some of them are Jews is not improbable; but the overwhelming majority are undoubtedly Gentiles.



## THE ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES

**E.** W. HOWE, in his monthly publication, declares an aversion to those persons who stand on the edge of industry and rob the workers. What proportion of the population work at legitimate tasks: producing food and the other necessities of life? It is much smaller than may be imagined. Mr. Howe doubts it is one-quarter, and the proportion of workers is steadily becoming smaller. Surrounding these workers are a crowd of cunning men who live by their wits: soldiers, men who sell the worthy producers worthless legal and medical advice, oratory, art, books, bonds, ideals and the like. The methods of the exploiters are dishonest; they make a specialty of sharp practice. This summary is not intended to include legitimate teachers, or others who give aid worth paying for. The lesson of history is that as a nation reduces its legitimate workers, and increases the number of parasites, decay begins.

In America there is, or seems to be, a diminishing respect for agriculture and honest work, and more dependence on legislation, rioting, inflation, pleasures. Every intelligent and honest American must have observed the change that is taking place and been disturbed. With too much pressure from the inside, a balloon must finally burst.

Our real trouble is, in Mr. Howe's opinion, that too many are living by their wits. We have far too many lawyers, and the courts have become mere instruments of their trade. We have far too many doctors who live unfairly off the decreasing workers. There are not only thousands of idle and mischievous politicians, but thousands of men equally idle and mischievous as leaders in lodges, clubs, amusements and unions of different varieties. Education has its idle and expensive hangers-on: many of our schools provide entertainment rather than education. Everybody knows we have twice

as many federal, state, county and city officials as are needed; and the only excuse for them is to provide places for men who should be engaged in honest production of some kind. And many of these engaged in production have an ambition to become Gentlemen of the World; to receive greater remuneration for less and more genteel work, and get in the perpetual drawing for president, governor, senator, bishop, sheriff, treasurer, secretary.

This is the real danger. Is there a remedy? Some say there is not: that nations become old, and go to pieces as inevitably as do animals, plants, machines: the process is longer, but no less sure.

It is the history of all races, we are reminded, that in trying to better their condition, men have made it worse: reform, progress, idealism, have become curses. The universal love preached so long has become universal hate. The mob, the majority, becomes dissatisfied with fate and welcomes any change affording exercise of the lungs in uttering popular cries, and exercises of the body in chasing enemies.

Perhaps all we can do is to delay the catastrophe, and this can only be accomplished by intelligent men warning and restraining the less intelligent.

On which side are you enlisted? Do you apologize for current nonsense, or do you properly influence those within your reach? In this country, Mr. Howe complains, we have more free speech and liberty than we should have. Declaring that we have more demagogues than statesmen in Washington, he believes there isn't in this country to-day a single leader possessed of sound common sense and honesty. Instead of punishing the Germans, he asserts, "we are benefiting them by compelling them to lead simple, industrious lives. Other peoples are becoming idlers, boasters, patriots. Are we educating the Germans to become masters of the world?"



## ENEMIES OF PROHIBITION

**P**ROHIBITION in the United States as decreed by the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, supplemented by the Volstead Act for the enforcement of the decree, is a success. It is a success, Charles A. Selden goes on to say, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, in the same way that the building of a ship is a success at any given moment in the process of construction if, at that moment, a reasonable percentage of the work of building has been done. The ship is not then completed, but she is a success nevertheless, and despite the clamor, the derision or the fears of those who think or pretend to think that a finished vessel should have been ready for sea the moment the keel was laid.

The research department of the prohibition board of the Methodist Church reports that there has been in the United States a decrease of over four-fifths in the consumption of liquor. Congressman Goodykoontz, of West Virginia, estimates the decrease as even greater. Major Roy A. Haynes, Federal prohibition commissioner, puts the decrease in the arrests for drunkenness in the entire United States at three-fifths, and the *New York Times* reported that last New Year's Eve in New York was the "driest and most decent" in the history of the city.

Of the hundred and forty-two hospitals that were operated in the United States for the care of "drink cases," only sixteen are now in existence.

Immediately prior to prohibition the

**F**ROM the noisy agitation now going on one might be led to think that a majority of his hundred and fifteen million brother and sister citizens must want to repeal the prohibition amendment to the Constitution or to tinker with the enforcement law, so that wine and beer may be legally vended. A prominent brewer, anticipating a modification of the Eighteenth Amendment by Congress this spring, has increased the capitalization of his brewing business from \$100,000 to \$15,000,000 and asserts that "the opposition to light wines and beers, which the country now so greatly favors, is coming chiefly from the bootleggers." The other side of the case is being presented by Charles A. Selden in a series of articles appearing in the *"Ladies' Home Journal,"* from which the accompanying extracts are taken.

annual consumption of American-made whisky in this country was 130,000,000 gallons. In the first year after prohibition went into effect the whisky withdrawn from bonded warehouses and distilleries totaled only 9,696,122 gallons. And in the twelve months ending in May, 1922, this total had dropped to 2,627,333 gallons.

Into the field of precise statistics—the figures showing depopulated jails and almshouses, increased bank savings, fewer abandoned children and beaten wives, police-court reports from all the cities—the Association Against Prohibition does not venture to go, for the figures and the evidence are all overwhelmingly against them.

We are told that many persons who never drank when it was legal to do so are drinking now. That undoubtedly is true. The psychology of the situation calls for that, too, and it is an inevitable phase of the childishness and hysteria of the reaction. Many a child has unwittingly risked his hearing by putting a button in its ear, merely because the thought of doing so has been put into the child's mind by the warning of a parent.

It might be inferred from the shouts of the liquor crowd and its allies of high respectability that every other man you meet is a bootlegger, and that every American home had installed a still, and that making intoxicating liquors had become as prevalent as preserving and pickling fruits in the fall.

But the bulk of this home-brew non-

sense can be marked off as one of the most temporary, short-lived phases of the hysterics of the situation. It was a fad indulged in for the most part by thoughtless persons, who gave it up when they realized that the stuff they were making was worthless and a great deal of bother or when they really waked to the fact that they were violating a law. Chief Justice Taft estimates that ten years will be required to make the prohibition laws completely effective. The time might be shortened materially if all the newspapers would treat the matter of defying the Constitution as seriously as they treat the matter of lynching, for example; or if all the excessively reactionary journals could see in this particular manifestation of the spirit of lawlessness the same menace that they see in labor unions; or if all the excessively radical journals could see in it the same danger that they find in capitalism.

We are told that there is in existence to-day the machinery of supply and distribution for the service of a hundred million people. There are no available facts to show how little or how much the hundred million are buying from the bootlegger, but there is one precise figure obtainable which applies directly to the illicit dealer and his wares. Of all the gallons of bootleg whisky sold in the three years of prohibition only two per cent. has been commercially or gastronomically good whisky. The ninety-eight per cent. has been rotgut. The figure is an official estimate based on the chemical analysis made of all the contraband stuff seized since January, 1920, by the Federal and state enforcement officers. So we have a trade that is not only dangerous to those who follow it and handicapped by all the obstacles of law in its production and transportation necessities, but a trade in which the commodity itself is so worthless from the point of view of users that it cannot permanently continue even in its present greatly restricted volume. Except for the hopeless addicts, who never did constitute a very great proportion of the popula-

tion, drinking to-day is with many men and women a sort of a childish taking a dare, a fad almost as temporary as the housewife's monkeying with her yeast cake and raisins just once to see what would happen.

There is too much awkward and needless silence on the side of decency, because it is not sufficiently informed and because the other side is often so brazen and cocksure with its misinformation.

Casual paragraphs printed in newspapers to the effect that this or that town is overwhelmingly in favor of repealing the prohibition amendment are never to be taken at their face value. For example, it was recently printed broadcast throughout the country by the publicity agents of the Association Against Prohibition that three-quarters of the business men of Evanston, Illinois, had declared themselves as opposed to prohibition. Perhaps Evanston was added to the list of towns and cities thus falsely labeled on the supposition that it would make particularly good liquor propaganda because Evanston is the headquarters of the National W. C. T. U., and it is good opposition politics to defeat a cause in its own headquarters. But the trick failed miserably. Not only did the women and the churches of the city and the officers of the Northwestern University repudiate the charge against Evanston, but its business men as well.

Prohibition is an accomplished fact, but the question that remains goes even deeper than that of temperance. Arthur J. Davis, New England director of the Anti-Saloon League, puts the case in the form of an analogy drawn from the Civil War. "The slavery question finally became subordinate to the larger question of the preservation of the Union, and now," says Mr. Davis, "the question of prohibition has become subordinate to the preservation of the Constitution on which the Union is founded and by which it functions as a great nation." [Of course, an amendment to the Constitution can be legally amended.]

## IRVIN COBB TELLS WHAT IT MEANS TO FIGHT WITH DEATH

SOME day, somewhere, each one of us must step into the dark alone. How shall we act when our time comes? Is the end of living a greater adventure? Or is it merely defeat?

These questions are raised by the *American Magazine*, and are answered in part in an article which that magazine has lately published. The title of the article is "The Nearest I Ever Came to Death." Its author is Irvin S. Cobb.

We learn that one night, not long ago, in a Boston hotel, Mr. Cobb was attacked by a terrible hemorrhage. For twelve hours he lay between life and death. He felt the temptation to "let go" and to pass away, but he fought that temptation with all his will.

Blackness, as he puts it, had almost completely enveloped him. One force within him counseled acquiescence. It would be so easy to go. He had only to drift a little farther downward into an inviting void, and all would be over, without a struggle.

But another side of him asserted itself. It seemed to say: "The man who gives up any fight without fighting back is a coward. The line of least resistance is a one-way line. Those who go too far down it never return."

So Irvin Cobb decided to fight.

"The fight was mental, almost altogether, but it had practically a physical side to it, too; of that I am sure. Liter-

WE are all of us going to die. Some may look upon death with indifference, some with a shrinking dread in their souls. Some—and this, I assume, means the majority—in times of health put from them all contemplation of death as a concrete fact; even so, though, there must be hours when they speculate upon it as applying to themselves. So to all such I, who have skirted the Valley of the Shadow, say that if my own experience is typical—and it surely must have been—then those among us whose lot it will be to face the finish while still in reasonable possession of our faculties will face it without fear and without bitterness, without reluctance and without repinings, without sufferings, whether physical or mental; we shall find it, at the last, but a peaceful transition, an eternal change mercifully accomplished.—Irvin S. Cobb, raconteur, author, editor and playwright.

ally by a physical effort I drew back up again out of that friendly cloaking nothingness into which I was vanishing. Straining hard, I lifted myself until the darkness was far below and far remote from me. I tied myself to things material—to the bed, to the screen at the foot of the bed, to the watch on my wrist, to the subdued sounds the nurse made in her movements.

"At no time that night, neither then nor thereafter, did

I appeal to any higher power for help. It did not appear seemly that I should do so. I had a conviction that the struggle was my own and that I must win it, or lose it, with what material forces I had within me."

There were seven bouts in the fight that night, and Cobb won them all. When he came to the seventh he knew that he had won.

"Don't ask me how or why I knew. My only answer is that somehow I did know. I knew that this time I should go down and remain down, which would be the end, or—that I should come back and stay. This would be the crucial and critical swing.

"I went down; and I fought; and then, slowly, wearily, like a swimmer whose strength almost is spent, I dragged myself up. There no longer was any doubt in my mind. For I had won. Every nerve and fiber in my being flashed the word through me, and I accepted it, not with rejoicing or exultation, but as a satisfactory matter of fact."

Mr. Cobb's motive in setting this down was not to talk about his own ail-

ment nor to glorify in print his adventure. Such a motive, he asserts, would rightly be regarded as an evidence of morbid egomania. What he wanted to do was to reassure men in the face of death and to tell us all, in the light of his own experience, that those among us whose lot it will be to face the finish

while still in reasonable possession of our faculties will face it without fear and without bitterness, without reluctance and without repinings, whether physical or mental. "We shall find it, at the last," he affirms, "but a peaceful transition, an eternal change mercifully accomplished."

## COUNTESS TOLSTOY'S VERSION OF HER MARITAL WOES

NOTHING that Leo Tolstoy ever wrote is more poignant than the domestic story of his own later years as revealed in the newly translated "Autobiography of Countess Leo Tolstoy" (Huebsch). We have had, in Tolstoy's published letters, something of his side of the conflicts which led to his panic-stricken flight, in 1910, from the woman who had borne him thirteen children and who had been his faithful wife for forty-eight years. We get, in the new book, the Countess' side of the same conflicts. There is still, it should be said, an element of mystery. "I shall not," the Countess writes, "describe in detail Leo Nikolaevich's going away. So much has been and will be written about it, *but no one will know the real cause. Let his biographers try to find out.*" Yet in spite of this avowal, the records furnished by man and wife are plain enough to enable anyone who cares to do so to disentangle the main threads of a story that is likely to last as long as Tolstoy's novels.

Sophie Andreevna Bers (as Countess Tolstoy was christened) was of German stock. Her father was court physician at Moscow. In the summer in which her mother took her on her first visit to the Tolstoy home at Yasnaya Polyana, she was a lively, high-strung girl of eighteen. All we need to know of Leo Tolstoy's attitude toward her at that time is contained in two entries made by him in his diary. The first, dated September 12, 1862, reads as follows: "I am in love, as I did not think

it was possible to be in love. I am a madman; I'll shoot myself if it goes on like this. They had an evening party; she is charming in everything." The second entry, a day later, begins: "Tomorrow as soon as I get up, I shall go and tell everything or shoot myself. . . ."

It was a lightning-courtship, and, on the 23rd of September of the same year, Sophie Bers became Leo Tolstoy's wife. The couple left for Yasnaya Polyana in a new carriage with a team of six horses and a postillion.

The first years of their married life were idyllic. There was a splendid estate to manage; there were interesting visitors to entertain; there were children to rear; there were books to write. The book on which Tolstoy was then working was "War and Peace." Sophie copied the manuscript and, in the evenings, played duets on the piano with her husband.

It was after the deaths of three of Count Tolstoy's children and of two of his aunts in 1874 and 1875 that a rift in this marital happiness appeared. The Countess says:

"Whether these events influenced Leo Nikolaevich or whether there were other causes, his discontent with life and his seeking for truth became acute. Everyone knows from his 'Confession' and other works that he even contemplated hanging himself, when he did not find satisfaction in his seeking. I could not feel as happy as before, when my husband, though without saying it frankly, threatened to take his life, as later he threatened to go away from his family. It was difficult for me



to discover the causes of his despair or to induce myself to believe in them. Our family lived its normal, good life, but it no longer satisfied him; he was looking for the meaning of life in something different; he was seeking for belief in God; he always shuddered at the thought of death. . . . Nobody and nothing satisfied Leo Nikolaevich or put his mind at rest."

One of the ideas that tortured Tolstoy at this time had to do with the evil of private property. He wanted to give away everything that he possessed. If he found his wife unsympathetic in this connection, who can blame her? She realized that after all the property had gone, the burden of feeding, washing and clothing their nine children would fall on her. "Leo Nikolaevich by vocation and inclination could have done nothing else but write."

Another idea that obsessed him was that of manual work and return to the soil. He talked of uniting with a peasant woman, and he even packed a sack and threw it over his shoulder and walked off. "All the time," Countess Tolstoy narrates, "I was beginning to feel the pains of childbirth. My husband's behavior drove me to despair, and the two pains, of the body and of the heart, were unendurable. I prayed to God for death. At four o'clock in the morning Leo came back, and without coming to me lay down on the couch downstairs. In spite of my cruel pains, I ran down to him; he was gloomy and said nothing to me. At seven o'clock that morning our daughter Alexandra was born. I could never forget that terrible, bright June night."

Worse was to come. The Countess goes on to speak of the drama of the will. It seems that in 1909 Tolstoy made a will renouncing copyrights on all his later writings and endeavoring to make them public property. But a lawyer pointed out that, from a legal point of view, the will was invalid, since, according to law, it was impossible to leave property to "nobody." This revelation necessitated a reshaping of the document in which V. G. Chertkov and others of Tolstoy's disciples took active part. There were meetings in the woods and an atmosphere of conspiracy. It was now decided that Tolstoy's literary property should be left to his daughter Alexandra, who was sympathetic with his



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COUNTESS TOLSTOY AND SISTER MARIE NIKOLAJIEVNA  
COUNT TOLSTOY'S SISTER

In her newly translated autobiography Countess Tolstoy tells what it means to be the wife of a genius. "With nine children," she says, "I could not, like a weather-cock, turn in the ever-changing direction of my husband's spiritual going away. With him it was a passionate, sincere seeking; with us it would have been a silly imitation, positively harmful to the family."



teachings, but the Countess Tolstoy was not so informed. She became hysterical, and Leo, once more intent upon leaving the house, recorded in his diary that he saw, "through a chink of bright light" in his study, his wife "searching for something" and probably reading his papers. "I do not know," he continued, "why this has roused in me such overpowering repulsion and indignation. I am choking. I count my pulse: 97. I cannot lie down, and I suddenly come to a final decision to go."

The sequel is one that the whole world knows. Tolstoy's "spiritual going away," of which his wife had written, now became, in very truth, a physical departure. Assisted by a doctor friend and by Alexandra he rushed into the pitch-dark night; lost his way; knocked against trees; returned covered with bruises and scratches, and had horses harnessed. All the time, he tells us, he was trembling for fear his wife would pursue him.

As it happened, his wife did not awake until he had traveled a considerable distance. When she heard what had happened she threw herself into a pond and was barely rescued. Then, setting out in pursuit, she reached him at the wayside railway station of Astapovo in which he died. She was at first not admitted to his presence, but saw him after he had become unconscious. "I whispered softly in his ear, hoping that he might still hear how I loved him to the end."

All of which has led to voluminous comment in many countries. The "going away" of Leo Tolstoy has evoked a whole literature in Russia, while England and America are now reading for the first time the Countess' version. "All humanity," as Francis Haffkine Snow puts it, in the New York *Herald*, "is called to judge between Leo Tolstoy and his wife." Mr. Snow continues:

"Many a Russian woman has said to me: 'I hate Tolstoy because of the way he treated his wife.' Every story, it is needless to say, has two sides: the wife's side is only now narrated. In the judgment to be reached the letters exchanged between the two, Tolstoy's diary and Countess Tolstoy's autobiography must all be weighed and considered. The poignancy of the problem is enhanced by the fact that Tolstoy was an ethical teacher and that to his disciples his actions are bound up in his teachings. Whatever be the verdict, Tolstoy's wife has now had her say. A woman whose soul was like a calm and shallow pool, on which the shadow

of thought lightly rested, a woman, product of generations of womanly influences, created for household cares, the bearing of children, quiet, unimaginative, unoriginal, uncreative, simply religious and alien to cosmic broodings, linked with a human volcano, a Russian Titan, a Promethean madman, searching after Truth for love of humanity, filled with insane dreams of renunciations and pilgrimages—poor woman! The only suffering conceivably greater, judged by intensity of temperament, must have been that of Leo Tolstoy himself."

**M**Y father's manuscripts are something that it is almost impossible to read. Only mother could read them. He would crowd all his innumerable corrections on one sheet, this way and that way and between the lines. Mother would sit nights and nights copying his work. In the morning, when father got up, everything was neatly copied, and again the same corrections, everything becomes black and he gives it to my mother, to recopy again and so many and many times. Finally he sends the manuscript to Moscow. Then the proofs come back and he begins to work on the proofs. Again everything is covered with ink. He sends it again to Moscow. It returns again. It goes back and forth ten or twenty times, and sometimes a magazine is held up for two months because Tolstoy is working on the proofs. Finally everything is O. K. Then he remembers a word he finds is wrong. He goes to the station and sends a telegram, "On such and such a page use such and such a word." To correct one word he spends lots of time and sends a telegram.—Count Ilya Tolstoy, in an address on Leo Tolstoy at the 27th Annual Conference of the Roycrofters at East Aurora, N. Y.

## DR. FOSDICK ATTACKED BY CONSERVATIVE PRESBYTERIANS

**D**OWN through the ages runs the incessant conflict between orthodoxy and heresy. In one of its latest manifestations, involving the relation of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of New York, to the Presbyterian Church, we are brought face to face with issues that affect the very foundations of religious thinking. The so-called "fundamentalists," indeed, play a prominent part in the controversy, but their view of fundamentals, it is hardly necessary to state, is the very antithesis of Dr. Fosdick's. Religious papers throughout the country are devoting considerable space to what may now be described as the "case" of Dr. Fosdick, and an overture protesting against his preaching has been prepared by the Philadelphia Presbytery for the coming General Assembly in Indianapolis next spring.

This case is a peculiar one, for several reasons. In the first place, Dr. Fosdick is not a Presbyterian himself, but a Baptist. He preaches in, but is not pastor of, the First Presbyterian Church, New York, and he teaches in Union Theological Seminary. In the second place, he is being criticized not by the men and women of his own congregation, nor by his students in New York, but by the guardians of Presbyterian orthodoxy in other cities, and especially in Philadelphia.

Action on the part of the Philadelphia Presbytery was inspired by the Rev. Dr. Clarence Edward Macartney, pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, and was based primarily on a sermon

preached by Dr. Fosdick last May, entitled "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?" It seems that Dr. Macartney brought the Fosdick sermon to the attention of the Presbytery in October at a meeting in John Wanamaker's country residence near Jenkintown. He subsequently published a sermon of his own in tract form under the title, "Shall Unbelief Win? A Reply to Dr. Fosdick."

Dr. Fosdick's sermon, which has also been published in pamphlet form, is a



A CHAMPION OF LIBERALISM

The protest against Dr. Fosdick's preaching prepared by the Philadelphia Presbytery for the coming General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church is complicated by the fact that Dr. Fosdick is a Baptist, not a Presbyterian.

plea for theological liberalism. In face of the attitude of fundamentalists who insist, as he puts it, that we must all believe literally in the virgin birth of Christ, in the inerrancy of the Scriptures and in the second coming of Christ, he presents "the cause of magnanimity and liberality and tolerance of spirit."

Taking up, at the outset, the vexed and mooted question of the virgin birth of Christ, he shows how common stories of miraculous generation have been, and instances the cases of Buddha, Zoroaster, Lao-Tsze and Mahavira. The fundamentalists, he says, may be sincere in their attitude, but "side by side with them in the evangelical churches is a group of equally loyal and reverent people who would say that the virgin birth is not to be accepted as an historic fact."

Passing on to consider the question of Biblical inspiration, Dr. Fosdick speaks of the multitudes who cannot believe that the original documents of the Scriptures were inerrantly dictated by God to men. Revelation, he says, is in their view progressive:

"The thought of God moves out from Oriental kingship to compassionate fatherhood; treatment of unbelievers moves out from the use of force to the appeals of love; polygamy gives way to monogamy; slavery, never explicitly condemned before the New Testament closes, is nevertheless being undermined by ideas that in the end, like dynamite, will blast its foundation to pieces. Repeatedly one runs on verses like this: 'It was said to them of old time . . . but I say unto you'; 'God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son.'"

On reaching the question of the second coming of Christ, Dr. Fosdick presents the view of those who "are not thinking of an external arrival on the clouds," but who have come to realize that development is God's way of working out His will.

"They see that the most desirable elements in human life have come through

the method of development. Man's music has developed from the rhythmic noise of beaten sticks until we have in melody and harmony possibilities once undreamed. Man's painting has developed from the crude outlines of the cavemen until in line and color we have achieved unforeseen results and possess latent beauties yet unfolded. Man's architecture has developed from the crude huts of primitive men until our cathedrals and business buildings reveal alike an incalculable advance and an unimaginable future. Development does seem to be the way in which God works. And these Christians, when they say that Christ is coming, mean that, slowly it may be, but surely, his will and principles will be worked out by God's grace in human life and institutions, until 'he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied.'"

All of which excites the ire of conservatives and the commendation of liberals, while secular commentators warn both parties in the controversy that conflicts between religionists are unseemly. We may like, or dislike, the attitude which Dr. Fosdick so eloquently champions, but can hardly deny its widening appeal. His opponents are confined to old-fashioned papers of the type of the *Philadelphia Presbyterian*. His friends speak through the pages of the *Nation*, the *Independent*, the *Christian Work* and the *Christian Century*. The last-named paper, one of the ablest religious journals of the country, predicts that the present attack will prove to be "a roorback":

"We think it is bad strategy for the fundamentalists to pick on Fosdick. They should confine their attacks to college professors, whose academic utterances are more easily abstracted from the less widely known moral and spiritual influence of their teaching. Such men make ideal heresy victims. But Harry Emerson Fosdick—he of 'The Meaning of Prayer,' 'The Meaning of Service,' 'The Meaning of Faith,' and now of 'Christianity and Progress,' the man who has done more than any other contemporary Christian leader to rebuild the foundations of piety and spiritual assurance in the lives of educated youths—this will surely prove to be what the politicians call a roorback!"

## A NEWSPAPER THAT AVOIDS ALL MENTION OF CRIME

IT is more than a decade since Elbert Hubbard, of Roycroft fame, paid tribute to the *Christian Science Monitor* as a newspaper that had attained a large circulation without printing scandal or retailing the details of murders, suicides, calamities and sudden death. The *Monitor*, since then, has had its vicissitudes, but is still guided by the same principle. News to this paper means good news. It not only avoids all mention of crime, of misery, of vice, but carries into its pages and into its editorials a truly Christian spirit—a desire “to injure no man but to bless all mankind.”

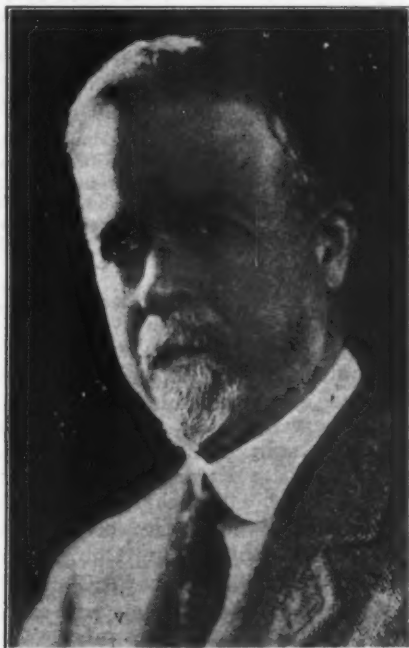
Oswald Garrison Villard, who has lately published an article on the *Monitor* in the *New York Nation*, gives some interesting illustrations of the way in which this spirit works out. He recalls that when the *Titanic's* sinking furnished the press with the greatest “story” that ever came from land or sea prior to the Great War, the *Monitor* never mentioned the name of a single one of the 1,500 men and women who died. “You find in that daily,” he says, “no story of a train wreck, no mention of an automobile accident, no record of the sinking of an ordinary steamer.” He continues:

“You may lose your best friends in the Knickerbocker Theater collapse in Washington, or have a vital stake in the Argonaut mine disaster, so long drawn out, but you will learn little of either from the *Monitor*. So terrible and tragic a happening as the massacre in Herrin is reduced to a mere record, though the ‘passing’ of Rathenau, because of its effect upon European politics, and the tragedy of Shackleton’s death on his voyage into the mundane unknown, because of its scientific interest, may have a column on the front page. During the war the *Monitor* spoke of ‘terrific casualties’ and ‘colossal human sacrifices’; and sometimes one learned that in war there are killed and wounded—chiefly by act of the wicked

enemy. Atrocities, curiously enough, one learned of—that is, the enemy’s atrocities, of course.”

If you wish to advertize in the *Monitor*, you will learn that there are still other inhibitions, described by Mr. Villard in the following passage:

“Tea and coffee, doubtless because instruments of the Evil One, liquor, tobacco, medical or hygienic articles, life, accident, and health insurance may not be offered to its readers through its columns. You may lose your pet police dog or find someone else’s gold watch, but you cannot advertize either fact in the *Monitor*, not at any price. Rouge and powder, henna and peroxide are as forbidden as an offer to apply a ‘permanent wave.’ You cannot call for agents, or offer jobs to nurses (or to



THE NEW EDITOR OF THE “CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR”

Willis J. Abbot, who has lately succeeded Frederick Dixon as editor-in-chief of Boston’s unique daily, used to be associated with the Hearst newspapers.



salesmen on a *commission* basis), or print anything in your advertisement that suggests that there may be a connection between life and weather conditions—which would seem to bar the lightning rod and storm-proof Kansas cellars. As for the rest, all the tests applied by the most conservative dailies are also in force in the *Monitor* office. No 'blue-sky' advertizing is possible, no suggestion of 'sacrifice' or 'fire' sales and no 'catch-line' sensationalism; its columns are the cleanest of the clean and its business announcements about as limited to the bare facts as those of the New York dailies in 1805."

The *Monitor* is especially rich in cultural features. It has correspondents all over the world and is far from confining its correspondence to Christian Scientists. Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, one of its non-Scientist correspondents, has said that he has been happy to write "for the one great newspaper in America that had a world vision, whose policy is to cover the entire world and to present the news of the world. . . . I mention the *Monitor* because it is this conception of journalism that is the hope of the world."

The best known of the editors of the *Monitor* has been Frederick Dixon, an Englishman, who took charge in 1914 and raised its circulation to more than 140,000. By February of this year, owing to dissensions within the Church, the figure had dropped, and a new editor, Willis J. Abbot, was appointed. At the present time, the circulation is well over 70,000.

On the present editorial policy of the *Monitor* and its general significance, Mr. Villard offers the following comment:

IT certainly marks an epoch in the onward and upward march of humanity when a daily newspaper can be issued in the United States and attain a large circulation, without printing scandal or retailing the details of murders, suicides, calamities and sudden death. Were it not for the name of the newspaper you would never know it was issued by a religious body. One thing sure, the Christian Science Monitor has no competition. So far it is an absolute monopoly, without stepping on the tail of the Sherman Act. It has the field to itself. No other publisher in America has endeavored to issue a similar publication, or one patterned after the general policy that the Monitor is following. That the world upholds the Monitor, however, pays for it, and supports it, is one of the happiest signs of the time.—Elbert Hubbard.

"It is making a superb fight for prohibition with almost daily articles of great value; it opposed the Daugherty strike injunction, criticized the new tariff, Newberryism, the bonus, and, very mildly, the ship-subsidy proposal; it supports naval disarmament. It writes of 'feudalism in the coal fields,' but shows little sympathy for either railroad or mine strikers. It is quite friendly to the Negro and urged the immediate passage of the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill. It is excited over the alleged atrocities and the aggressions of the Turks. It opposes child labor and favors the public control of transit lines. Its

love of free speech is a bit dubious, for it approved the interruption of Scott Nearing's lecture at Clark University by President Atwood, just as during the war it was bitter in its denunciation of Eugene Debs. It must be added, however, that it favors the granting an amnesty to political prisoners. On the whole, a survey of the editorial page shows a well-meaning, rather enlightened, but not an aggressive editorial vein, and not one intended to hurt. Whether

this 'pussy-footing' is inseparable from all group control or not is a question. As it is, the *Monitor* to-day offers the best example of a journal owned by a group which we have yet seen in this country. But for all its high technical standards and its ideals it is far from being the perfect newspaper. Nor can it become that while it is so hopelessly enmeshed in its Christian Science inhibitions. But because it is the organ of a society established upon an ethical basis; because it has such ready-made bases of support; because it is entirely without the profit-motive and beyond the lure of dividends; and because it has conceived its mission to be international, it is one of the most interesting and vital of contemporary journalistic experiments."



## SCIENCE GENERATES A GIANT X-RAY THAT KILLS CANCER CELLS

**A**N X-ray apparatus, capable of developing a 200,000 voltage, of driving rays through a quarter of an inch of lead, a foot of aluminum and two feet of brick, of photographing the bones of the hand a block away and of killing cancer cells, has been built by the General Electric Company on plans worked out by Professors Hull, Collidge and Davis at the Crocker Cancer Research Laboratory at Columbia University. It produces rays less than a fifth of a billionth of an inch in length. The higher the voltage the shorter the wave-length, and the shorter the wave-length the more deeply it will penetrate. Because of the extreme short-length waves it produces, this new marvel of science can be used with particular effectiveness in killing cancer cells in the internal organs. But it will kill other cells, too, and until the technic of its use is a little further perfected, there is danger that it will kill the patient as well as the disease. For the present, therefore, says Dr. Francis Carter Wood, in his laboratory report, it will not be used on human beings for the present, but mainly on rats and guinea pigs.

Thousands of small animals have been inoculated with cancer at the laboratory in the course of this research. By studies over a period of years the qualities of different types of cancer and tumor have been determined, so that the life or resistance power of a growth of this kind can be accurately predicted. Cancer has thus been classified and standardized. Says Dr. Wood:

"With the current exactly measured and applied to a cancer whose qualities are known, it is possible to determine just how much current or how many rays are needed to kill a cancer cell. In severe cases of cancer it often occurs that treatment sufficient to cure the cancer is nearly enough to kill the patient. The effect on

the general constitution is graded according to the degree of exposure. A slight exposure to X-rays has no effect. A little more exposure may have a tonic effect. It may stimulate the bone marrow which produces the blood. Too much exposure produces anemia. For instance, blood counts are taken weekly among the nurses who work in X-ray laboratories, to insure them against accidental overdoses of radiation in the course of their work. The cancers of the hand from which the early X-ray operators suffered have been done away with entirely by modern apparatus and modern methods.

"The treatment of internal cancer by powerful rays has to be carefully regulated. For instance, rays strong enough to reach cancer of the stomach may paralyze or destroy an adrenalin gland. You can live if one is killed. But if both adrenalin glands are killed, you die in forty-eight hours. Long and careful observation must be made of the effect of this machine on this account before it is applied to human beings. It is painless. The animals used do not suffer. The cancer does not progress far enough to cause pain. The rays cause no pain whatever. The animal cannot survive the treatment, however, but its life is painlessly ended with ether."

The cause of cancer is fully demonstrated to be a long-continued irritation of a group of cells. There is some agency in the cell which ordinarily keeps it down to normal size. The long-continued irritation seems to destroy that agency. Charts formed after the treatment of thousands of growths show that some cells are killed within ten minutes. Others can stand ninety minutes of raying. The tumors used in the experiments range from the incipient variety to the most malignant of the cancerous types. The importance of this super X-ray development is emphasized by the fact that in this country alone 93,000 deaths from cancer occurred in 1921, an increase of 4,000 over the preceding year.

## DE-INKING PAPER DISCOVERY MAY SOLVE PULP SHORTAGE PROBLEMS

THE specter of a great pulp and paper famine that has been haunting printers and publishers with more and more insistency is being shorn of some of its terrors by the discovery announced by the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wis., of a way whereby fresh newsprint paper is made out of old papers from which the ink has been removed. The process has been patented by the Paper De-Inking Company, at whose request the experiments were undertaken. Laboratory experiments in de-inking by the use of a fine clay known as bentonite have proved successful, and the adaption of the process on a large commercial scale is being considered by a number of paper companies.

It was in 1920 that David F. Houston, then Secretary of Agriculture, in a report to the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, first pointed out officially the disadvantage of becoming dependent upon foreign sources for pulp wood. More recent reports bear out his predictions that the situation would become an increasing problem to publishers, especially in the newspaper world. From New York, where nearly 50 per cent. of the domestic newsprint production is now centered, come figures showing that 60 per cent. of the pulp and paper mills have absolutely no timber supplies of their own, while over 60 per cent. of the remaining pulp wood in the State is in the state preserves, on which no cutting is allowed. For these mills there seems to be little ahead except closing in a comparatively few years, thus further decreasing the supply of newsprint.

It is small wonder that the native supply of pulpwood is proving inadequate, when one considers that one of the many large daily newspapers consumes 20,000 tons a year. This is the product of a century's growth on 7,500 acres of eastern spruce forest. The situation is summarized thus by offi-

cials of the United States Forest Service:

"The future holds no particular promise for the newsprint industry. The supplies already limited are being rapidly cut; many mills are already without timber of their own; the stands of eastern Canada have apparently been very much overestimated in the past; and little concerted effort has yet been made to increase the production of pulp woods in the Northwest, where the industry is at present centered."

Prices for newsprint have jumped alarmingly as a result of the diminishing supply, and since the cost of newsprint is estimated at from one-third to one-half of the total cost of the entire newspaper, the financial problem presented has caused many a business manager hours of anxiety. The discovery confirmed by the Forest Products Laboratory may, as the *Christian Science Monitor* observes, well prove to be a timely escape from a threatening situation. Its adoption is arousing an enthusiasm among publishers which promises to make the undertaking a profitable one.

Already two companies, the Paper De-Inking Company and the Watab Paper Company of Sartell, Minn., have installed machinery for conducting the process on a commercial scale. If it is to prove the benefit to the newspaper industry that its discoverers hope for, however, it will be necessary to have plants located all over the country, since the cost of transporting papers long distances would be prohibitive.

The process developed at the Forest Products Laboratory consists briefly of "washing" the old papers with bentonite, a very fine clay, which carries the carbon black off with it, after it has been loosened by the use of alkalies. They are then beaten into the pulp from which the new paper is made. During the time of the experiments,

about 40 tons of de-inked pulp per day were the output of the laboratory apparatus.

The possibility of making a sound commercial venture out of the process is regarded by experts in the paper industry as encouraging. It is estimated

that 2,500 tons of newspapers a day could be gathered in large metropolitan centers, which would furnish a very considerable portion of the daily consumption of approximately 7,000 tons of newsprint. Laboratory developments are being watched with interest.

## RAISING THREE CROPS A YEAR BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

PROF. R. B. HARVEY, of the University of Minnesota, reports to *Science* his success in growing a great variety of plants from seed to seed entirely in artificial light. It has long been known that green vegetation could take some advantage of electric light; in the aquarium at Berlin seaweeds and a few minute animals have thriven in tanks deprived of daylight. But this is the first recorded instance of the conduct of the complete life-cycle from the germination to the planting and ripening of the seed of the higher plants, except in the presence of the radiant solar energy on which life in the last resort depends.

Prof. Harvey claims to have succeeded with several varieties of wheat, with oats, barley, rye, potatoes, buckwheat, lettuce, beans, peas, clover, radishes, flax and a number of common weeds. The tests were performed in unheated basement rooms with no other source of heat than that given out by the lamps; for cereals the temperature was controlled automatically at 14 degrees Centigrade, by blowing in cold outside air. The lamps used were tungsten filament bulbs, filled with nitrogen, and were burned continuously throughout the twenty-four hours. This absence of intermittence is one of the most curious features of the experiments, for plants have generally been supposed to require, like animals, periods of rest during which the physiological rhythm is altered. But the growth was continuous, and much accelerated, so that spring wheats produced ripe seeds in

ninety days. It would thus be possible to grow three crops in a year on the same area, allowing a handsome margin for tillage and harvesting.

No figures are given as to the consumption of cost of the electric energy required in this artificial system of producing crops. Prof. Harvey states that the energy used in heating an ordinary greenhouse in Minnesota during the winter would suffice to supply the light and heat discharged by ten tungsten lamps. Could we imagine, however, the replacement of ordinary agriculture by this Minnesota system, we should be facing an economic loss to the world. In the present state of affairs sunlight is the only extrinsic source of energy utilized by the inhabitants of the earth, and it is only through the medium of green vegetation that it is captured for our use. Were we to abandon the cultivation of crops in the sunlight, we should be throwing a further strain on the capital of energy stored as coal, oil and peat.

But, observes the London *Times*, if three crops can be grown in one year the rate at which new varieties can be produced, tested and put on the market will be greatly increased. There will be the further advantage of tillage under conditions not subject to the vagaries of the weather. If Prof. Harvey's very interesting experiments fulfil their promise, every seedsman and every agricultural laboratory will have to be provided with seed-plots in electrically-lighted cellars.

## DO STARS WARM THE AIR?

**F**OR the first time since they began to burn, the heat given off by the stars has been measured, according to a report from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Working with the 100-inch telescope at Mt. Wilson Observatory, Dr. C. G. Abbot measured the heat at different parts of the spectrum of ten stars and the sun. The rays were dispersed by a spectroscope in a band similar to the rainbow.

The bright star Capella, which is very similar to our own sun in its spectrum, was found to furnish the equivalent of one horsepower to an area on the earth approximately equal to the state of Minnesota. But this prominent star is feeble compared with our sun, which is equal to a hundred billion Capellas. On the whole earth Capella's heat equals 500 horsepower, and as all the stars together equal 500 Capellas, the total heat they give off would amount to 250,000 horsepower over the whole earth.

This particular investigation is an outgrowth of work at the Astrophysical Observatory in studying solar heat, sun spectrum phenomena and the losses and modifications of sunlight in passing through our atmosphere.

While it might be supposed that the investigation of a heat source whose in-put on the earth's surface amounts to the equivalent of a horsepower per couple of square yards would require only simple and insensitive apparatus, such is not the case. It consists of two hair-like wires of platinum placed side by side, the one hidden from the rays by means of a metallic diaphragm, the other exposed in the spectrum. The heat absorbed by the exposed thread, if it be as little as the millionth of a degree, suffices to disturb a sensitive electrical balance, and by a beautiful

device introduced by Prof. Langley in the earliest years at the Astrophysical Observatory these indications are automatically recorded from one end of the spectrum to the other. The record



© Pacific & Atlantic  
MEASURING THE HEAT OF THE SUN AND STARS  
Dr. C. G. Abbot, assistant director of the Smithsonian Institution, making tests with his Silver Disk Pyrheliometer at Mt. Wilson Observatory.

takes the shape of a curve which amounts to different heights with reference to its base line, and these heights are proportional to the heat in the various rays of the spectrum. The absorption bands due to the chemical elements in the sun, and those due to elements and compounds of gaseous nature in the earth's atmosphere, are indicated as depressions in this sinuous curve. In this way the effects of the earth's atmosphere upon the sun rays may be determined. The measurements indicate a temperature for the sun approximating 6,000 degrees Centigrade.





COMMENTING editorially on "the poetry game" the New York *Times* is tardily startled into observing that "all-poetry magazines abound" and are "filled with distinguished or clever or ingenious or curious work. A thousand versatile hands are smiting the typewriter. It would take a large and industrious syndicate to read the magazine verse, let alone the innumerable books. . . . To the hasty eye contemporary verse-making looks like a game, played to the solid satisfaction of the players, especially when they change the rules." As an example of much approximate poetry that is finding publication, other than in the *Times*, attention is called to the November *Poetry*, of Chicago, which, in celebrating its tenth anniversary, devotes nine introductory pages to "The Evening Land," by the English writer D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence says he wants to come to America:

I would come, if I felt my hour had struck;  
I would rather you came to me.

Anything to oblige, we agree, but why  
does he dread to take ship?

Do you wonder that I am afraid to come  
and answer the first machine-cut question  
from the lips of your iron men?  
Put the first cents into metallic fingers of  
your officers  
And sit beside the steel-straight arms of  
your fair women,  
American?

Mr. Lawrence ingenuously asks himself if he is in love with his own imaginings. Of course he is, and "so is the whole army of versifiers to whom to be limited by a mere word is to be less than a hopping flea, which hops over

such an obstruction at his first jump." What, we echo, is most of this poetry about? Of late we have scanned some thirty all-poetry and other publications that publish verse and we are moved to wonder why much of it is printed at all. At least thirty well-known poets are represented, but their combined product is almost negligible as poetry. What's the matter? A letter to the *Times* states: "It is not *vers libre* that is to blame. We need not be afraid of any verse-form whatever when it is in the hands of true poets. The trouble lies in the lack of whole-hearted artistic sincerity, the grotesque exaggeration of phrase, the deliberate vagueness of expression; all employed to conceal the absence of clear thinking and the inability to attain to that simplicity which is the handmaiden of beautiful language in all idioms and in all times."

Meanwhile A. E. Housman, after a silence of some twenty-seven years, since the publication of his "Shropshire Lad," has resumed the singing robe and little deterioration in accent is to be observed in his "Last Poems" (Henry Holt). Mr. Housman doubts whether he will "ever be impelled to write much more," and feeling that he can no longer expect to be revisited by "the continuous excitement" under which he wrote most of his other book, he prints forty-one poems written at various times since 1895 and "will to the woods no more." If the woods must be left, Mr. Housman, who confesses,

I, a stranger and afraid,  
In a world I never made,

knows how to leave them. As a quintessential example of his later work:



## FANCY'S KNELL

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

WHEN lads were home from labor —  
 At Abdon under Clee,  
 A man would call his neighbor —  
 And both would send for me.  
 And where the light in lances  
 Across the mead was laid,  
 There to the dances  
 I fetched my flute and played.

Wenlock edge was umbered,  
 And bright was Abdon Burf,  
 And warm between them slumbered,  
 The smooth green miles of turf;  
 Until from grass and clover  
 The upshot beam would fade,  
 And England over  
 Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,  
 I fetch my flute and play:  
 Come, lads, and learn the dances  
 And praise the tune to-day.  
 To-morrow, more's the pity,  
 Away we both must hie,  
 To air the ditty,  
 And to earth I.

## COMRADE, LOOK NOT ON THE WEST

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

COMRADE, look not on the west:  
 'Twill have the heart out of your  
 breast;  
 'Twill take your thoughts and sink them  
 far  
 Leagues beyond the sunset bar.

Wide is the world, to rest or roam,  
 And early 'tis for turning home:  
 Plant your heel on earth and stand,  
 And let's forget our native land.

When you and I are split on air  
 Long we shall be strangers there;  
 Friends of flesh and bone are best:  
 Comrade, look not on the west.

*The Lyric West* (Los Angeles) started toward the Atlantic seaboard a year or more ago with a poetic message of vernal promise. The promise has ripened to fulfilment in the last number which contains, among other excellent or even better longer poems, the following:

## SANITY

BY HAZEL HALL

IF I could look into your eyes,  
 Out of their blackest depths I think  
 That I might draw, as from a well,  
 Something of you for me to drink.

Others have passed and been as bread  
 Held to my mouth, others as wine,  
 But as you pass an older want  
 Becomes less definitely mine.

The passion of the sun has filled  
 Your eyes, and filtering, has wrought,  
 A clarity in you that is  
 A drink of water to my thought.

The wind has followed with its ice.  
 Now of the flame, the frost, you hold  
 Reflection that glitters in your eyes,  
 And is not warmth and is not cold.

## RESURGAM

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

TO interpret the meaning of life  
 And discover the truth,  
 Is the travail and labor of love,  
 In the spirit of youth.

Though the wheels of the factories whirl  
 And the artisans thrive  
 It is zest in the labor of love  
 That bids beauty survive.

Artists, dying, are coming to life;  
 They whose scriptures are read  
 In bronze or on canvas and page,  
 Strangely rise from the dead.

As Lazarus was, so are they  
 Resurrected, refund,  
 Who rejoice in the labor of love;  
 And with thistles are crowned.

Without endorsing the necessity of lying, which is inferred in the following verses, from *Contemporary Verse*, we reprint them as a sign-warning:

## TALK TO ME TENDERLY

BY VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

TALK to me tenderly, tell me lies,  
 I am a woman and time flies,  
 I am a woman and out of the door  
 Beauty goes to come no more.

Talk to me tenderly, take my hand;  
I am a woman and understand,  
I am a woman and must be told  
Lies to warm me when I am old.

## INCOGNITO

BY VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

I PIN a poppy  
In my hair  
That none may know  
My deep despair;

I jingle jewels  
Like a bell  
To camouflage  
A silent hell;

I laugh a little,  
Lie a lot,  
And wear a gown  
Of apricot;

I dance to death  
On tingling toes,  
And no one knows . . .  
And no one knows.

John Dos Passos, in his "Three Soldiers," made a war record in prose that will endure for a time to come. In "A Pushcart At the Curb" (Doran) he has not done quite so well in verse, the bulk of which does not fulfill the promise of the following initial poem:

MY VERSE IS NO UPHOLSTERED  
CHARIOT

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

MY verse is no upholstered chariot  
Gliding oil-smooth on oiled wheels,  
No swift and shining modern limousine,  
But a pushcart, rather.

A crazy creaking pushcart, hard to push  
Round corners, slung on shaky patchwork  
wheels,  
That jolts and jumbles over the cobble-  
stones  
Its very various lading:

A lading of Spanish oranges, Smyrna figs,  
Fly-specked apples, perhaps of the Hes-  
perides,  
Curious fruits of the Indies, pepper-  
sweet . . .  
Stranger, choose and taste.

For a first book, the poems written and illustrated by Rose O'Neill, in a volume entitled "The Master-Mistress" (Alfred A. Knopf), is quite beyond the ordinary. The author, who is better known as an illustrator, displays a muscularity of thought and a masculinity of emotion that are deceptive. In all of her verses are flashes of poetry, with now and then such illuminating and authentic glimpses of self-revelation as

## ESTABLISHED

BY ROSE O'NEILL

I MADE a house of houselessness,  
A garden of your going:  
And seven trees of seven wounds  
You gave me, all unknowing:  
I made a feast of golden grief  
That you so lordly left me,  
I made a bed of all the smiles  
Whereof your lip bereft me:  
I made a sun of your delay,  
Your daily loss, his setting:  
I made a wall of all your words  
And a lock of your forgetting.

WHY HAVE YOU TURNED AWAY  
FROM ME, MY PRIDE?

BY ROSE O'NEILL

WHY have you turned away from me,  
my Pride?  
What shall I do without my splendor?  
If I am to be humbled,  
I who am not used to half things,  
I must have excess of humbling;  
The surface of the earth is not low  
enough for me,  
I must be lower;  
Like a fierce stone struck from heaven,  
I must pierce to my lowness!  
I must be inearthed.

## YOU THOUGHT I LOVED YOU

BY ROSE O'NEILL

YOU thought I loved you,  
Because I smiled.  
You did not know the dread of stars that  
drove me,  
You could not know the mirth of moons  
that move me,  
Nor all the winds that weep me wild,  
You thought I loved you,  
Because I smiled.

You thought I loved you,  
 Because I groaned.  
 You did not know the fear of fiends that  
 sue me,  
 You could not know the deaths that did  
 undo me,  
 Nor minds of men that in me moaned,  
 You thought I loved you  
 Because I groaned.

Setting aside his Gaelic appeal, Mr. Colum, in publishing "Dramatic Legends and Other Poems" (Macmillan), has not noticeably lengthened the shadow of his poetic reputation. One or two poems in this volume have appeared in these columns. Another that is new to us is:

#### OLD SOLDIER

BY PADRAIC COLUM

WE wander now who marched before,  
 Hawking our bran from door to door,  
 While other men from the mill take their  
 flour:  
 So it is to be an Old Soldier.

Old and sore, one's like the hound  
 Turning upon the stiff frozen ground,  
 Nosing the mould, with the night around:  
 So it is to be an Old Soldier.

And we who once rang out like a bell,  
 Have nothing now to show or to sell;  
 Old bones to carry, old stories to tell:  
 So it is to be an Old Soldier.

Aside from her "social passion," that is plentifully displayed in her new volume of verse, "Because of Beauty" (Dodd, Mead), Angela Morgan has here and there attained heights of very rare poetry. We particularly like the introductory sonnet:

#### ROSE FIRE

BY ANGELA MORGAN

LIFE is an acorn whose immortal tree  
 Mounts in the sun beyond our mea-  
 sured sight.  
 We, underground, believing what we see,  
 Dream, in our ignorance, it still is night  
 And hug our little shell, and drink the  
 soil,  
 While some there be who tell the Spring's  
 advance,

And some who sorrow with its tug and  
 toil,  
 And others yet who know as in a trance  
 The rose fire of a world by us unseen,  
 And sing of sunlight where no sunlight  
 goes,  
 And where no green is, prophesy the  
 green,  
 And where no rose can be, foretell the  
 rose.

O let us fling to-day our folded powers  
 And claim the eternal beauty that is ours!

We are assured that Marguerite Wilkinson is no more a squaw than is Mary Austin or Alice Corbin or other American Indian celebrants, but, as a Harlemit of New York, she has caught the aboriginal spirit in the following, from the *Ladies Home Journal*:

#### HARVEST SONG

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

LONG ago, in the silver spring,  
 Love went out sowing the seed  
 Over the broadest fields of earth.  
*Give thanks, my people!*  
 Under the light of the widest sky  
 Power strove with drought and weed.  
 Now is the golden autumn come.  
*Come to the feast, my friends.*

Joy will gather the yellow corn—  
 Gather the crimson apples in;  
 Joy has gathered the purple grapes.  
*Give thanks, my people!*  
 Full be the heart with harvesting,  
 Full as the proudest barn or bin.  
 Near at hand is the time of rest.  
*Come to the feast, my friends.*

The pain of the artist who is ambitious to create something worthy to endure seems to us to be celebrated with considerable success in the following lyric, which we discover in *Contemporary Verse*:

#### THE BUILDER

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN

THE edges of the stones are sharp.  
 But I shall travel far,  
 For I must seek and seek and seek  
 Wherever such stones are.

I am building me a secret place  
 With stones that cut my hands;  
 But I must build and build and build  
 Until a temple stands.

The charm of this brief lyric, from the *New Republic*, is evanescent as a rainbow and diaphanous as gossamer. Celebrated in music is "The Lost Chord." Its literary companion might be:

## THE LOST PHRASE

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

TREACHEROUS sleep, which comes to give,  
Comes soon again to take,  
The lustered, unremembered words  
Which whisper men awake.

Sleep showed my phrase, then slipped it  
back  
Into the sunken hold  
Where the words which none may take in  
his hands  
Glimmer like soft, white gold.

In "The Black Panther" (Scribner's), which has been applauded as a volume of notable poetry, we are somewhat disappointed. Recently, in reprinting from a magazine one poem by Mr. Wheelock entitled "The Lion-House," which is included in this collection, we described it as being rather too reminiscent of William Blake's "The Tiger." The same comment applies in greater force to the first long poem, "Night Has Its Fear," in this volume, which is entirely too reminiscent of Bliss Carman's "Behind the Arras." Rhetoric and poetry should not be confused, and Mr. Wheelock does not confuse them in the following instances:

## THE BLACK PANTHER

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

THERE is a panther caged within my breast;  
But what his name, there is no breast  
shall know  
Save mine, nor what it is that drives  
him so,  
Backward and forward, in relentless  
quest—  
That silent rage, baffled but unsuppressed,  
The soft pad of those stealthy feet that  
go  
Over my body's prison to and fro,  
Trying the walls forever without rest.

All day I feed him with my living heart;  
But when the night puts forth her  
dreams and stars,  
The inexorable Frenzy reawakes:  
His wrath is hurled upon the trembling  
bars,  
The eternal passion stretches me apart,  
And I lie silent—but my body shakes.

## IMMENSITY

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

AT noon I watched  
In the large hollow of eternal heaven  
A soaring hawk climb slowly toward the  
sun  
Through gyres of adoration without end.  
His flight was a great prayer. . . .

## WILD THOUGHT

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

SURF of song upon my heart  
Breaks forever, where thou art;  
  
The dark ocean in my breast,  
Of wild love, may never rest:  
  
Still one thought upon her shore  
Breaks in dream forevermore!

Some fifty recognized contemporary American poets are cleverly and humorously parodied by Margaret Widemer in "A Tree With a Bird In It" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). The volume is generously dedicated not only to the poets parodied in it but to those who are not. Responsibility for both commissions and omissions are placed by the parodist upon the Grackle, the bird which inhabited the tree until it died. Instead of quoting from the volume, we earnestly recommend it to those who appreciate clever parodies.

An all-poetry magazine, *Rhythmus*, 140 East 22nd Street, New York, has been launched, by Gustav Davidson and Oscar Williams, with the announcement that no poems accepted shall be paid for at less than a dollar a line. Admirable! Few poems are written, remember, and the value of them is incalculable. But a dollar a line is no less than \$14 for a sonnet.

## CHAIN STORES—A FOOL-PROOF BUSINESS

**I**N spite of the fact that "no business can be made absolutely fool-proof,"

Theodore H. Price, telling, in *Commerce and Finance*, "Why Chain-Store Securities Attract Investors," shows that the chain-store business approaches foolproofness. "Good judgment, intelligence and efficient management will always be essential to success," he reminds us. "But granting these essentials, it would appear that the securities which represent the capital employed in the chain-store business may now be classed as investments for the conservative."

The article recites the remarkable discoveries which have been made by chain stores. The average woman, for instance, does not realize that most of her shopping is done on the shady side of the street; but the chain store has figured this out accurately. A shop catering to women and located on the side of a street that is shady in the afternoon can often average a 50 per cent. better trade than its competitor located across the way. Every large chain has a real estate department whose duty it is to determine the comparative value of different locations on a scientific basis. This is done so accurately that an expert can estimate within two or three per cent. the exact value of yearly business that a store in a given location will do.

One chain has determined that 10 per cent. of those who pass a drug store will

enter. Sixty per cent. of those who enter will buy. The average sale will approximate 60 cents. A blouse chain has calculated that one out of every hundred women who pass one of its shops will enter and make an average purchase of three dollars.

Chain stores also know that cities have gender. Pittsburgh, Akron, Gary and Youngstown, for instance, are predominately masculine; shops catering exclusively to women would not prosper in those cities in anything like the degree that they would in such feminine communities as Haverhill, Lynn, Lowell or Fall River.

Few chain stores will locate near a bank, we are told, because they consider the presence of a bank a menace to a retail neighborhood. A chain dealing in feminine regalia looks askance at the presence of office buildings.

Turning to the financial aspects of the business, Piggly Wiggly is an interesting example of what the chain-store system can do in the way of achieving success. In September, 1916, the first Piggly Wiggly store was started

in Memphis, Tenn. Now, only six years later, there are almost 900 stores doing an annual business of about \$60,000,000. As to the buoyancy of the chain store in times of business depression, we read:

The chain store, with its branches all over the country, is like a ship so big that it is stable in a heavy sea, because its very bigness en-

**W**ARNING to investors in War Savings Stamps to beware of fraudulent stock promoters when they receive refunds from the Government was given by Bruce T. Work, of Columbus, Ohio, in a recent address at the Better Business Commission Conference in Washington. When the investor receives his money on the retirement of his War Stamps he should turn to his local bank for advice in regard to re-investment, he said.

Pointing out that on January 1 the Government would retire by payment of cash the first issue of War Savings Stamps, Mr. Work said the refunds would go largely to small investors. "There will be great need then for advice to these wage earners by reputable bankers in order to keep this money out of the clutches of fraudulent promoters," he added.



ables it to span the waves. Business may be bad in Memphis, but booming in Kalamazoo. The chain store pays its dividends from Kalamazoo profits—and still is sufficiently warned of the weather to be able to take in sail there at any moment. By the time depression arrived, business in Memphis, or somewhere else, will be on the upgrade again.

That is one reason why, during the recent depression, when most business Achilles sulked in their tents, when many merchants were crying that trade had gone to the dogs, when mail-order houses were reporting reductions in their sales and profits running from 30 to 50 per cent.—the chain stores were generally reporting an increase in both sales and profits.

But there are other reasons for the success of the chain store. The chain store must specialize in merchandise which has as nearly as possible a universal ap-

peal. It must carry stocks which find favor throughout the country, rather than supplies which are demanded in only one section or by one class of consumers.

When the buying public becomes cautious in spending money it is the store that is selling luxuries, or style merchandise, or supplies of an expensive nature, that is usually the first to suffer a decrease of sales.

Chain stores carry only the merchandise that is needed daily—food, clothes and other necessities which are bought as a matter of impulse or necessity by customers who cannot stop to ask, "Shall I—or shall I not?" The chain stores even benefit by "hard times." Not only do they keep their ordinary clientele; they attract others who spend carelessly when their pockets are full, but have to cut corners and spend economically the moment the tide turns.

## LIBERTY BONDS CONSTITUTE 66 PER CENT. OF THE PUBLIC DEBT

**A**PPROXIMATELY \$3,784,000,000 has been subtracted from the national debt, according to an official statement of the Treasury Department, since August 31, 1919, when the obligation reached its peak.

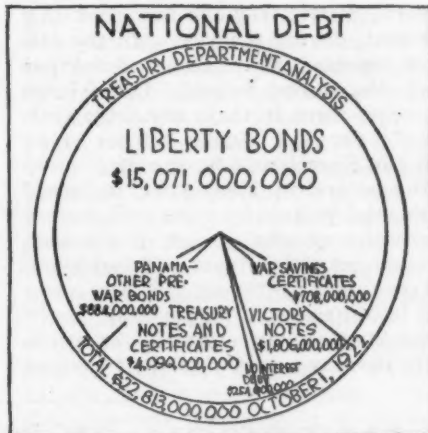
The debt totaled \$22,813,000,000, in round numbers, at the opening of business October 1, the last date for which official reports are available. This is nearly \$208 for each resident of the United States. Just prior to the opening of the World War the debt was slightly less than \$10 per capita.

As now constituted, the debt consists principally of Liberty bonds, which total \$15,071,000,000, being 66 per cent. of the whole obligation.

Outstanding Victory notes amount to \$1,806,000,000, of which \$874,233,750 worth have been called for redemption December 15, 1922, for refunding. The remainder of this note issue matures May 20, 1923.

Other items of the debt are as follows:

Panama Canal bonds and other pre-



war issues, \$884,000,000; Treasury notes and certificates, \$4,090,000,000; War Savings securities, \$708,000,000; non-interest bearing debt, \$254,000,000.

Interest on the debt cost the Government \$159,485,542 during the first three months of the current fiscal year. Sinking fund disbursements in the same period amounted to \$52,466,300.

## SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS 3 PER CENT. MORE THAN A YEAR AGO

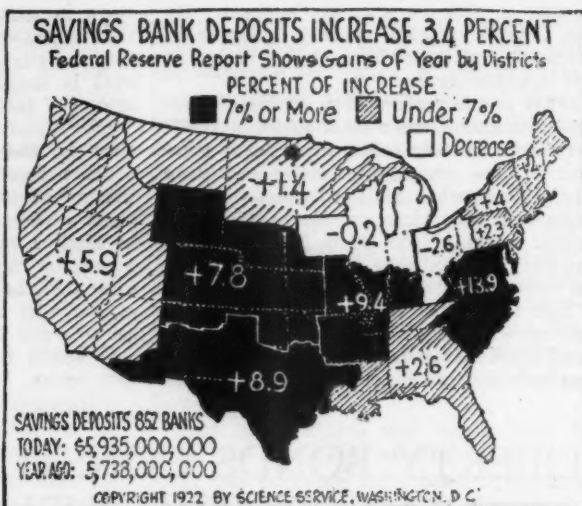
**M**ORE than \$5,378,000,000 stands to the credit of the depositors in savings banks in large cities of the United States, according to official reports to the Federal Reserve Board.

The total of savings accounts canvassed by the board shows an increase of 3.4 per cent. over a year ago.

Scrutinized by Federal Reserve Districts, the present total of savings reveals increases in some sections very much larger than the gain for the entire country. In the Richmond Federal Reserve district savings increased 13.9 per cent. during the year. In the district reported an increase of 9.4 per cent., the second largest. Other large increases were in these districts: Denver, 7.8 per cent.; Dallas, 8.9 per cent.; and San Francisco, 5.9 per cent.

Depositors in New York increased their total balance by 4 per cent. during the twelve months' period; in the Boston district, 2.7 per cent.; Philadelphia, 2.3 per cent.; Atlanta, 2.6 per cent.; and in Minneapolis, 1.4 per cent.

Banking officials are at a loss to explain decreases in the total of savings



deposits in two districts. These were Cleveland, 2.6 per cent., and Chicago, 0.2 per cent.

The nation-wide gain in deposits is regarded as unusual, in view of the widespread strikes and unemployment which occurred during the year.

The Federal Reserve Board's reports cover more than 800 banks in every section of the country, including mutual savings institutions and some other banks which handle ordinary commercial business as well. A large percentage of the nation's total savings is on deposits in the institutions that have thus been canvassed.

## AN EDISON OF THE SHOEMAKING INDUSTRY

**A**FTER seven years of continuous work and research a shoemaker in Rochester, New York, has created a totally new kind of shoe, the main feature of which is that the upper part of the sole on which the foot rests is moulded to fit the foot and re-

sembles the impression left by the bare foot in pliable, moist sand. The sole contains permanently moulded hollows or depressions into which the projecting curvatures of the foot rest, and rising curved surfaces that fit up under the arches of the foot. The name of

the innovator who, in the *Illustrated World*, is called the "Edison of the shoe industry," is Oliver E. De Ridder, and he is vice-president and general manager of the factory in which he began as an apprentice. Because of its novelty and proved practicality the new idea in footwear is said to be creating a sensation in the shoe world.

De Ridder predicts that the present style of shoe which has a comparatively flat surface on which the foot rests will become obsolete in a few years. He says the custom of binding a flat surface to a delicately curved foot is as senseless as that of the Flat Head Indians in binding boards to their babies' heads. To prove that the flat inner sole of the shoe is responsible for numerous ills of the foot is cited the fact that more than 161 devices have been introduced to overcome the effects of this arbitrarily flat sole, many of them having a large sale.

The new shoe, writes Hamilton M. White, in the *Illustrated World*, has involved a tremendous amount of work. Thousands of measurements and castings of normal feet of every width and length were taken, in order to establish the contours of the normal foot. This done, it was found that in feet of any given size the position of the principal points of depression and also the essential arches were identical. When the locations of the depressions and hollows were established and the shapes of the arches determined it was necessary to make immense steel dies exactly corresponding to the measurements.

The outward appearance of the new shoe gives no indication of its revolutionary construction. It presents a fashionable appearance and can be made up in the most extreme styles. Its inventor does not regard it as a competitor of any shoes already made and, we read, believes he is introducing a new principle which all manufacturers can use.

Among other things said of the shoe is that the wearer will not develop corns or bunions. The reason given is that the hollows or depressions in the sole



Courtesy of the *Illustrated World*

HE HAS DEVELOPED A NEW KIND OF SHOE  
Oliver E. De Ridder is acclaimed "a wizard" because of his revolutionizing inventions.

give room in which the joints of the foot can move up and down in the course of walking. This movement of the joints, which is partially rotary in character, will be illustrated if the reader will hold his hand out, palm downward, and move the fingers backward and forward from the palm.

In the new shoe the hollows or depressions in the sole which receive the inner and outer ball of the foot extend below the stitching line of the shoe. These depressions as well as the moulded heel receive the weight-bearing points of the foot and throw it into a natural and normal position. They also overcome the tendency of the foot to slip backward, forward or sideways. In a shoe with a flat-bottomed insole the tendency to slip is artificially overcome by the tight uppers which bind the foot down. This binding or compression is a frequent cause of straining the delicate ligaments and tendons, and results in weakening the arches of the foot. It is said that the new shoe will retain its original style lines when it is almost worn out.

## PIONEER 4-WHEEL MOTOR STREET CARS SUPPLANT ELECTRIC CARS

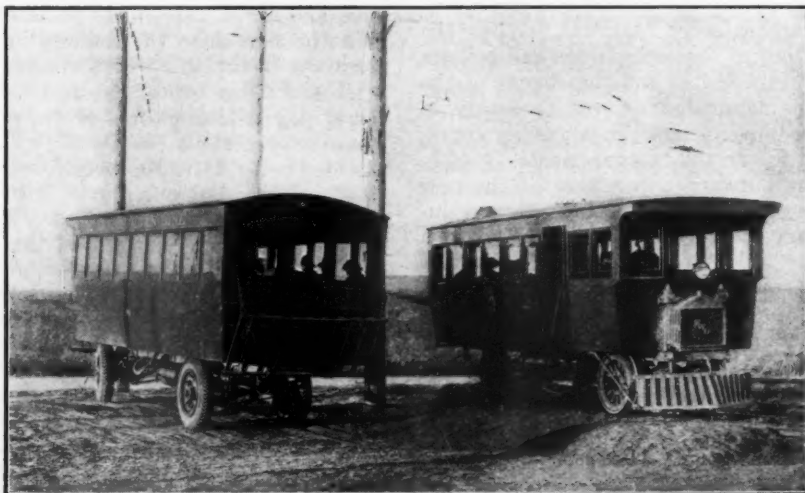
**F**OR the first time in history gasoline-propelled cars have been put into city railway service to replace electric trolley cars, Manhattan, Kansas, having scrapped its heavy electric cars and equipment and placed into service an initial fleet of four-wheel-drive railway cars. They are operating on the same rails over which the electric cars formerly operated and on the same schedules.

The mounting cost of operating the heavy old-style cars is given as the reason for the change. It cost between 40 and 50 cents a mile to operate electric cars, and the lighter equipment is said to render as good service at a cost of about 15 cents a mile. In addition to a reduction in operating costs by installing motor equipment the number of operatives is cut in half and, of course, the expense of a power plant and sub-station has been eliminated along with trolley wires and poles.

Each car provides a seating capacity for 32 persons and a space for baggage. Other features are a 156-inch wheel-base, high-speed reverse gears which

enable the cars to go as fast in reverse as forward, locomotive "cow-catchers," electric starting and lighting devices, heating systems which utilize the heat from the motor exhaust, entrance and exit near the front of the car with the door operated by the driver. Motor buses, as shown in the accompanying picture, are also operating as feeders in the interurban service. The weight of the chassis in each case is 7,200 pounds as compared to the 60,000-pound weight of electric cars. The cars operating on the city lines average 100 miles a day, with 500 stops, while those in the interurban service average 150 miles a day, with 250 stops.

With the load equally distributed over the four wheels and with every wheel a driving wheel, these pioneer trucks are said to obtain a maximum amount of traction, making them particularly well adapted to service over steep grades, around sharp curves and over snow-covered rails in Manhattan, Kansas, frequently reaching a depth of two feet and yet proving no serious obstacle to the motor street cars.



THE NEWEST WRINKLE IN STREET-RAILROADING  
Gasoline-propelled cars are supplanting electric trolley cars in Manhattan, Kansas.





## Will Rogers, Cowboy Comedian

FOR years past, Will Rogers, of the "Ziegfeld Follies," has been building a secure place for himself in the hearts of the American people. How many of those who have laughed at his quips and sallies have stopped to analyze them or to appreciate their significance? This movie actor, comedian and virtuoso of the lariat is becoming, in a sense, a national figure. The New York Times has lately compared him with Mr. Dooley, and Woodrow Wilson, who has often enjoyed his performances at the theater, has said that he found his comments on American public affairs not only humorous, but illuminating, giving an idea of what the public were thinking about.

Mr. Rogers was born forty-two years ago in Oklahoma. His mother was a Cherokee Indian, and he grew up on a cow-pony. Something of his natural charm can be traced to these early influences, but his present home is in Hollywood, California, and he freely admits that he now prefers a Pullman car to an "outlaw buckner."

His power as a humorist is based on his broad humanity. Everybody, according to his notion, wants to laugh. To bring about the happy result is "like lighting a firecracker." The best jokes, he asserts, are rooted in reality. He reads the newspapers. The current murder, the recent international complication or political trend, the newest development in the prize-ring or in baseball, all come in for a little deft garnishing at his hands. "A joke," he

told Josephine Van De Grift, of the St. Louis Times, the other day, "has got to have its foundation in truth if it's going to enjoy the process of getting over to the audience."

Mr. Rogers tells us that the best line that he ever "pulled" is the following: "America never lost a war—and she never won a conference." It does not follow, however, he says, that the best line gets the biggest laugh. He gets the biggest laugh when he tells his audience: "Yeh, I'm one of those movie actors from Hollywood. But I'm an exceptional movie actor. I have been married twenty years and I've got the same wife I started out with."

The special occasion is what elicits Rogers' merriest comment. When "a hundred billions' worth of bankers" (drawn from the conference of the American Bankers' Association in New York) recently attended a performance of the "Ziegfeld Follies," Mr. Rogers said of the ladies of the chorus: "They are not well up on their Latin and Greek, but, my, how these girls know their Dun's and Bradstreet's!" He suggested that "one of our alumnæ" be sent to collect the European debt from European plutocrats. "Send her abroad and she will bring them back dead or alive."

In a first political campaign speech, made recently in New York in behalf of the candidacy of Ogden L. Mills, Mr. Rogers urged the election of Mills or the following grounds:

"He represents Broadway and the theatrical district. He has promised to keep all of us actors working.

"He is a hundred per cent. for the ticket speculators.



"He is for every industry in his district.  
"He is for a living wage for the boot-  
legger.

"He is also for the lesser interests of his district. He will go just as far for the two Jewish people that live in his district as he will for the rest of his constituents.

"He is the only Congressman we can send to Congress who can go into a Fifth Avenue home without delivering something.

"He is the only one you can accept a campaign cigar from and feel a perfect safety in smoking it."

When the votes were counted on November 7, Mr. Rogers claimed that Mills was "the only Republican that survived the Protective Tariff." He was quoted further in an interview in the *New York Evening Post*:

"I think I should be given some consideration as an orator. For look what happened in the State of New Jersey. Harding, Hughes, Denby, Mellon, in fact every Republican on salary gave the Government's time and somebody else's thoughts to keep Frelinghuysen's yacht in the Government's service. But what happened? Why, Gov. Edwards had one quart bottle and waved it to the voters and it carried more authority than all the eloquence of the entire Cabinet.

"I tell you the man with the bottle is the man of to-day, and there's only one way to beat him. That's to have two bottles. And Frelinghuysen had 'em, but he was feeding them to the Cabinet instead of to the voters.

"My good friend Jim Reed beat ex-President Wilson and President

Harding in Missouri—the first man to ever defeat two Presidents singlehanded.

"Calder passed out in New York State, and every pallbearer wore gloves.

"New York sends to the Senate a doctor. What that Senate needs is an executioner.

"Steinmetz, one of the half dozen great geniuses we have, was defeated on account of not belonging to the right party. I'll bet the fellow who defeated him don't know a short circuit from a long shot.

"Well, there's one thing about a man being sent to Washington. He need never feel afraid. There'll be plenty of men there just as bad as he is."



HE LASSES EVERY FOLLY AS IT  
FLIES

Will Rogers is described by a Chicago critic as "keeping capacity audiences roped, hobbled and entangled in bonds of laughter."

It is said that Mr. Rogers makes more money than any editorial writer in the country, and "he is worth it," the *New York Times* declares. The same paper comments further: "In the civilization which it is customary to regard as the high-water mark of the human intellect there were great comedies. Politics was the chief business in Athens, but it was regarded as material for humor. Our stage thinks otherwise. The Athenian voter liked indecency in his comedy, but he also liked and appreciated some comment on affairs of the day. To judge from our native drama, one would suppose that audiences at our lighter plays are composed entirely of unnaturalized aliens, whose interests are limited to the bar and the bedroom. But Will Rogers in the *Follies* is carrying on the tradition of Aristophanes, and not unworthily."



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# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

**H**OW about business? Is the moderate activity we have been enjoying for some considerable period anything more than a flurry—a brief reaction from conditions of depression that kept us all so gloomy for the past two or three years, or is it a forerunner of better things? Are we in for a continued period of prosperity (and rising prices), or will we drop back again soon into the doldrums (and lower prices)? Let's hear what some of the shining lights of industry have to say.

Boy, page Charles M. Schwab!

If Mr. Schwab could be located he would probably tell you, as he told the Merchants' Association of New York the other day, that "I see a greater business future at this period of my life than I ever saw at any period of the forty-three years of my business experience."

Much the same expressions would come from almost any captain of industry, banker or big business man. They are continually talking for publication in an optimistic vein. Reams of literature flood the market—all pointing to prosperity. Are these men trying to pull themselves (and the country with them) up by their boot-straps? Are they practicing auto-suggestion in the hope of bringing about conditions which they desire?

High price-levels and boom business conditions are just as indissolubly connected as are low prices and depression. The Harvard School of Economic Research says that business is affected by price-movements more than any other single factor, and that no drop in prices to pre-war levels is expected during the next ten years.

On the other hand, Col. Leonard P.

Ayres, formerly of the Cleveland Trust Company and an authority on economic matters, takes the ground that prices are going to decline for many years to come. He says that, from 1897 to 1920 prices had been advancing. He warns us (though he doesn't use these words) that "what goes up must come down." He says that the present generation has been educated to think in terms of rising prices and that, in order to successfully compete in the new conditions that will prevail, business must accustom itself to thinking in terms of falling prices.

In part confirmation of the views held by Col. Ayres, Mr. John Moody, the veteran statistician and economist of Wall Street, thinks that there are no indications of a boom ahead of us. On the contrary, he looks for a reaction from the present business revival in the near future—that the first few months of 1923 may be relatively prosperous, but that we may run into a period of deflation before the year is out. Mr. Moody gives many apparently valid reasons for his stand, chief among which is the European situation, and he takes the ground that, so long as the financial affairs are in such a disordered state on the other side, we cannot hope for permanent good times.

But notwithstanding Col. Ayres, John Moody and others who might be quoted if space would permit, prices *are* advancing—wages *are* advancing and there are evidences of prosperity to be seen. In some quarters it is even predicted that another period of inflation may result from the over-enthusiastic views of some who, perhaps, would like to pull themselves up by their boot-straps.

It cannot be denied that there are

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agencies now at work which make for continued better business, and, as business improves, there is always the danger that expansion may end in inflation. It usually does, as the briefest study of the past will disclose. If the inflation is checked before it reaches dangerous proportions, no harm is done. If allowed to run its course, panics and crises ensue. Witness the crises of 1873, 1884, 1890, 1893, 1903, 1907 and 1920—each the result of business expansion allowed to run into inflation.

Again, John Moody and the others, notwithstanding, the stage seems set for an expansion in business. The scenery is being shifted. An expanded business needs money, and lo! more money is forthcoming. There is 320 million dollars more currency of one kind or another in circulation now than a year ago, and there is gold enough in this country to support an enormous further credit expansion. If the business demand is strong enough, more currency follows.

There are many economists who do not believe in the quantity theory of money which teaches that the more money there is in circulation the higher prices will mount. A homely illustration of the truth of the theory is found in the every-day life of any one of us (unless he is a miser). The bigger the "wad" in one's individual pocket, the more one is likely to spend. Multiply this by many millions of spenders and a boom will be created—and prices will rise.

It is the demand of business for more money—more credit—that creates booms. It is the slackening of the demand that creates depressions—and prices rise and fall in response to these conditions; but prior to credit demand must come a demand from the public for goods—and so it is the public, in the last analysis, that controls both business and prices. It was so in 1920 when the public went on its famous "buyers' strike," precipitating the deflation which followed. It is held in many quarters that it was the raising of the interest rate by the Federal Reserve banks that brought about the deflation, and so it was, to a certain





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extent, but the refusal of the public to further buy was a more potent factor than the increased interest rate.

These alternate periods of boom and depression in business (and in prices) are known as "cycles," but they are of many varieties, degrees and intensities. During the past one hundred and ten years there have been but two major cycles—we are now making the third. The first was from 1812, when the top-notch of prices was reached, to 1864, when almost the same high level as before was touched. The next was from 1864 to 1920 when, again, commodity prices touched the same identical top. Between the top and bottom of the first cycle was about 30 years, and between the top and bottom of the second was almost exactly the same period of time. It is this condition, perhaps, that makes Col. Ayres think we are in for a long period of declining prices. He saw the long decline, 30 years, after the 1812 peak and he saw a similar long decline after the 1864 peak, before bottom was touched. Both were after-war declines, and so he figures that the price decline following the World War is going to be a long one also—perhaps not 30 years, but long enough, he thinks, so that the present generation should adjust its mind to thinking in terms of steadily falling prices.

But these are the major cycles. It may take 30 years, as before, to reach the bottom of this third cycle in which we are now operating, or it may take less. It may take 50-odd years, as the other two did, before we reach another major top in our present third cycle, or it may take less. Another World War would bring it on again at any time—probably higher than before. But it is not this major cycle we are specially interested in. Its bottom and its top are too far in the future. All the time the long major cycles are being formed there are minor cycles in the making. Plotted in diagram they look like waves and wavelets—some large, some small. It is these that interest us. They come within our ken.

The first half (in degree) of the first minor cycle following the break in prices of 1920 has been reached. It



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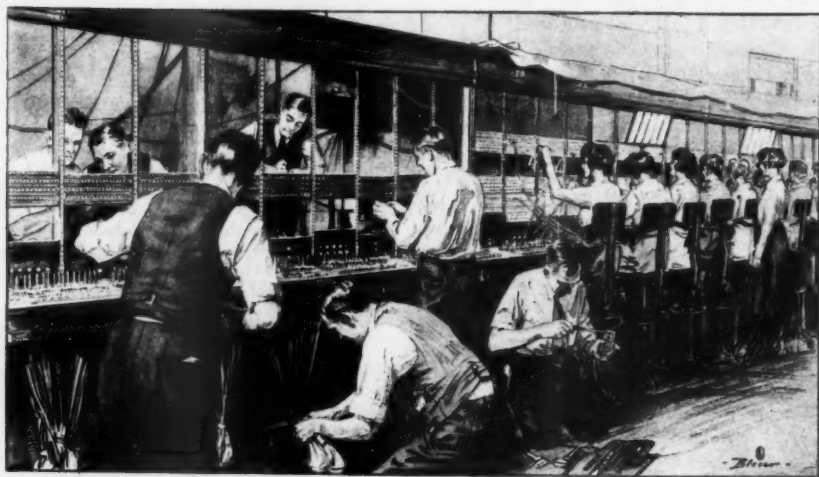
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(Continued from page 110)

ended in July, 1921, when price-levels had fallen to the bottom, approximately 40 per cent. below the peak of the year before. We are now on the last half of the present minor cycle—prices have advanced ten per cent., or thereabouts, above the bottom of last year and are still pointed upward. It is quite conceivable that they will continue to point upward for some considerable period. They are not being pushed up by artificial means. They are advancing in response to the quantity theory of money and by the irresistible pressure of high wages, the cost of which must be transferred to the cost of production and handed on to you and me. They are advancing for the still further reason that the shelves of the retail stores are not yet fully stocked with the goods they were too timid to buy when prices were down.

All of this makes for a period of good business—not boom business, nec-

essarily, but good enough to content most of us. But as prices rise, as credit expands and business improves, the minor cycle will be closing, and even a minor cycle cannot close without a more or less drastic disturbance of business. The wise person, therefore, will watch developments and be ready to quickly trim his sails to meet the wind blowing from any quarter. The closing of a price cycle always sends out premonitory signals, easily recognized by those who would observe. Chief among these is the statement of the banks as they appear, regularly, week by week, for the ratio of loans to deposits in commercial banks is an almost crucial test. Another almost as crucial a test is purely psychological, for it is found in the attitude of the public toward extravagance, for prodigality in living will precipitate a condition which will make for good business and higher prices the while—surely to be followed by the crash which will close the cycle.

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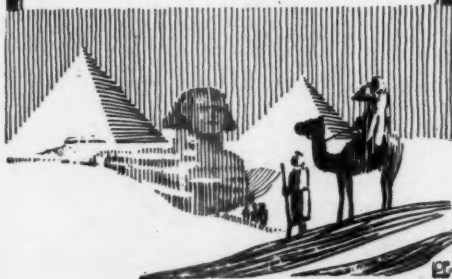
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(Continued from page 57)

The army threw its spears and its muskets into a heap at the feet of Ig, and Kerd, the old officer, threw the head of the ex-Sultan on the top of the heap.

Then they asked Ig to be their new Sultan and reign over them, and he said that he would. Then he made a little speech, with Plepilune prompting him in whispers, and he told them that everything was going to be altogether different and better from now on, but that any time his orders were not carried out promptly and efficiently he would reserve the privilege of running amok.

As a matter of fact Ig rules wisely and well and is a faithful husband to Plepilune. Now that Blabu the priest is dead, Plepilune is fond of saying that her husband's is the only real brain in Pauru, and not even old Kerd, who is chief of council, would care to contradict a lady.

Sometimes when Ig and Plepilune are alone together they speak of the amok which Ig ran in the old days. But in public this period of Ig's misery and confusion is always referred to as "The Revolution."

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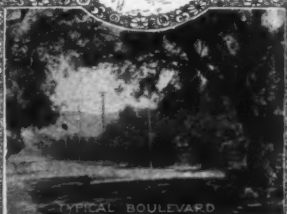
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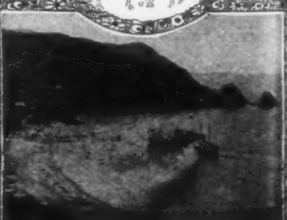
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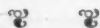
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from  
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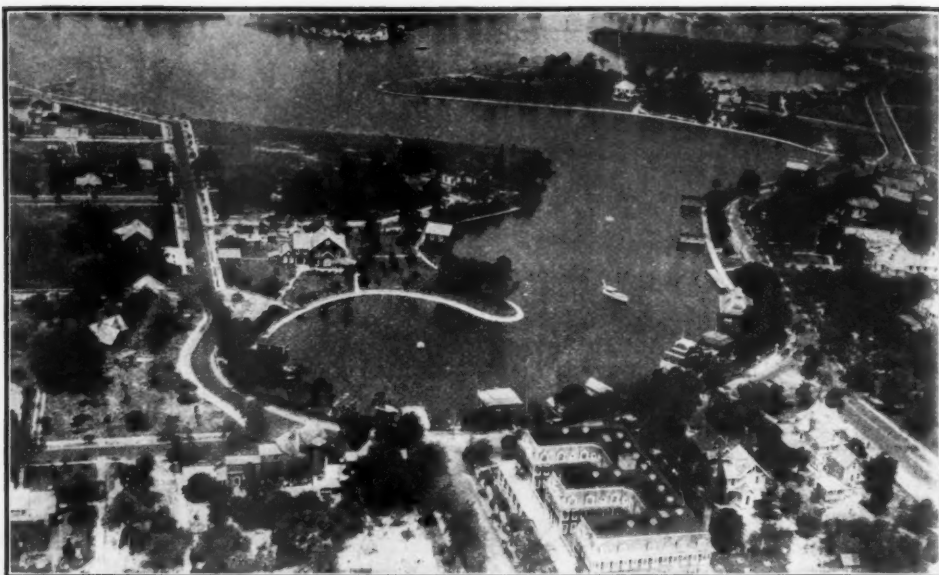
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# No Excuse Now

## For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago nearly all teeth were coated more or less. To-day those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

### Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural lustre.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

### New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

### Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch diges-

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**The New-Day Dentifrice**

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.



*Except the eyes, no factor in beauty counts for more than white teeth*

tant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

### Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look to-day. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

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**GEORGE E. ROBERTS**

*Former director of the United States Mint. Now an official of The National City Bank of New York*

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Excerpts from a letter from Guy Emerson, Vice-President of the National Bank of Commerce in New York, written in acknowledgement of the booklet, "Meeting the New Conditions in business," offered in this advertisement.

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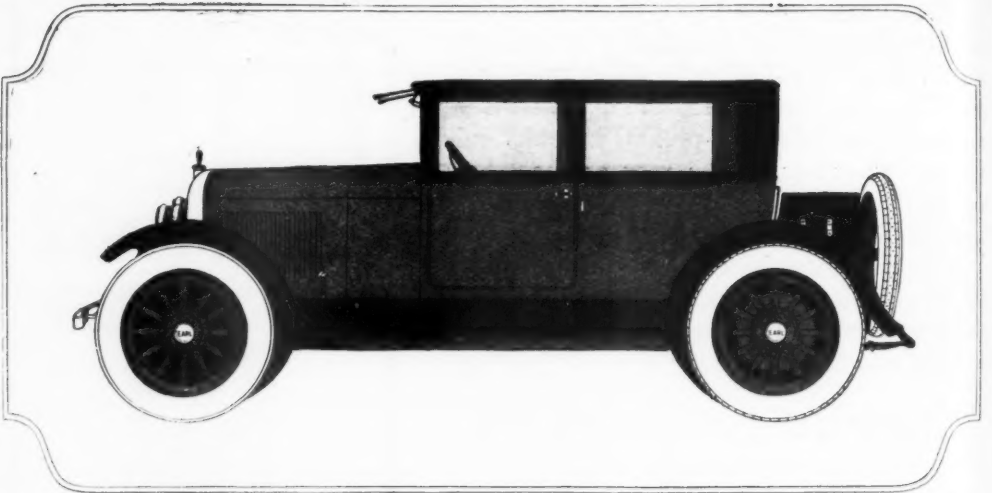


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